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SMITH
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Smith College
V E R S E

1. College verse, Smith College.

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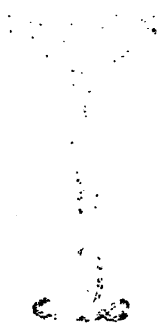
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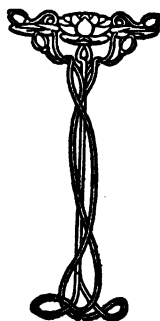
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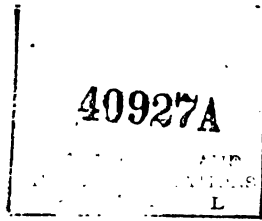


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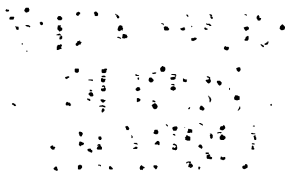
GEORGE WILLIAM BROWNING

1909





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**TO
MARY AUGUSTA JORDAN
WITH GRATITUDE AND AFFECTION**

22X-11

Foreword

The pleasure that has gone to the making of this verse, and the joy that has gone to the compiling of the book, will pass unnoticed in the reading of it. Yet our end in preparing this small volume was not a purely selfish one. We felt that the *alumnæ* and friends of Smith College wanted such a collection, and to satisfy their desire the book is published. We make no claim other than that we have attempted to bring together the best of the college verse which has come under our consideration. Most of the selections have been published during the past twelve years in the "Smith College Monthly." In a few instances verses have been reprinted in other publications, to the courtesy of whose editors we are indebted for their appearance in these pages.

The natural timidity felt by young authors in launching their first book is mitigated by the thought that this is the product of the college rather than of the individual pen. And since it is distinctly a book of *college* verse, by the standards of such verse it is to be judged. It is not because the technique is remarkable, or the subject matter unusual, or the phrasing excellent that the work was compiled. It was not to stand in the market-place shoulder to shoulder with nobler works of art that this little book was sent forth. It was not for the sake of raising funds or glorifying the name of Smith that such a project came into our heads. It was not to attract attention or to demand criticism or approbation that we launched this venture. But rather our purpose was to send, in col-

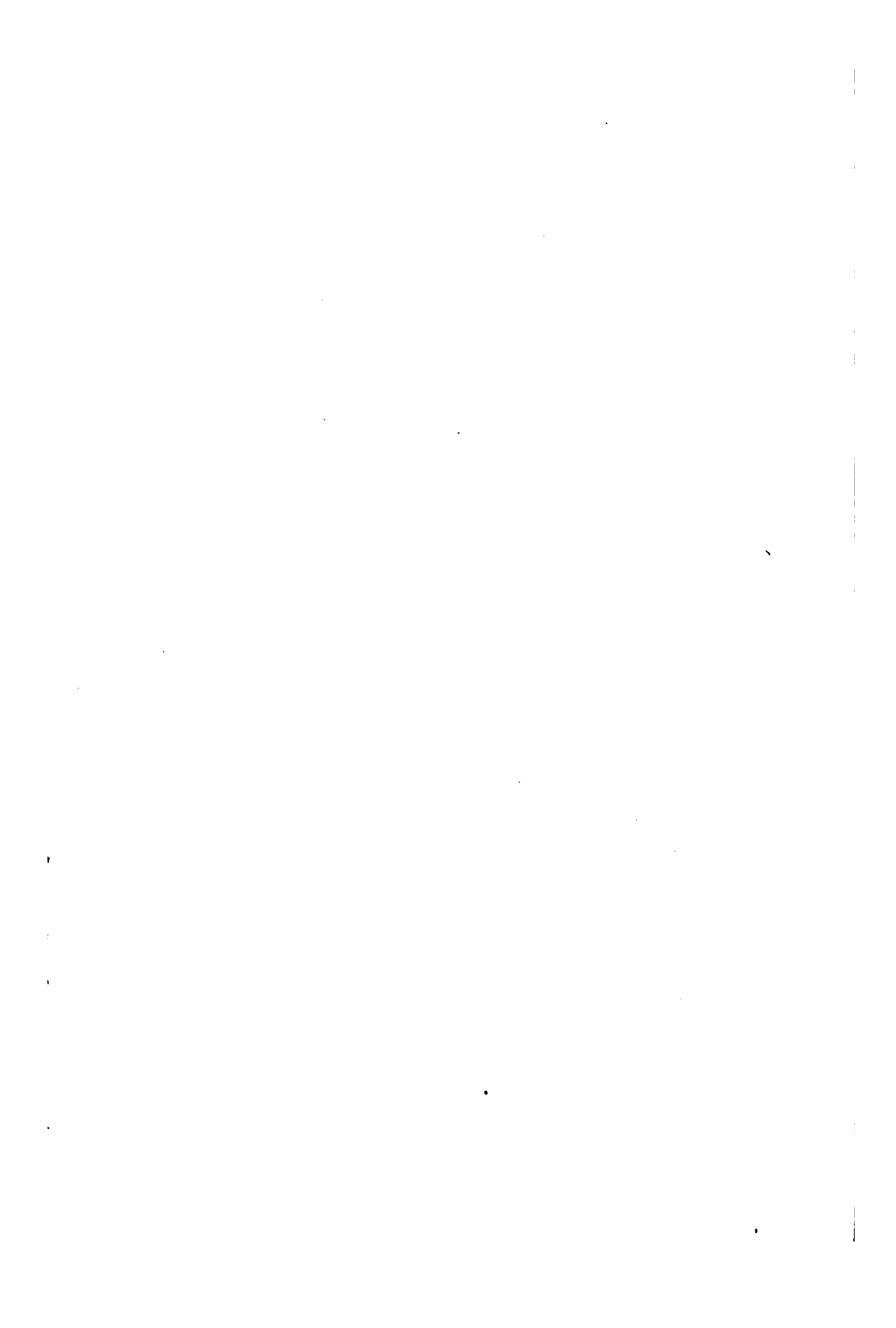
lected and bound form, a record of verse endeared to the hearts of Smith graduates, into their friendly midst.

We feel sure that our purpose will be fulfilled, and that the end that was intended will be achieved; hence it is with no misgivings or humbleness of spirit that we publish this work.

But at the same time we realize that, once published, our control over its destiny vanishes. It may take its way to the market-place, it may meet with rivalry and scorn. It may be battered by the worldly standards of literary excellence and filled by blows of superior critics. That such may be its fate we half anticipate. We cannot hold it within those narrow confines for which it was intended, even should we wish to do so. We are sending it forth to stand upon its own feet, to walk or fall as the case may be; but we are sending it forth with such a good will and backed by the happiness of so many hours of loving work and care that we hope it may not utterly fail. Simple and unassuming as it is, there is, we hope, a genuineness and a sincerity about it which will endear it to all those who realize that it is the embodiment of the spirit of the college which it represents.

THE EDITORS

Smith College
V E R S E



THE LITTLE BLIND BEGGAR

AT the gate of the World where the travel flows
And the folk stream by full-tide,
A little blind Beggar sits in the sun
And shoots afar and wide.

He fits the arrow and twangs the bow
And low in his throat laughs he,
For well he knows he will hit his mark
Though never a face he see.

And never his stock of arrows fails,
For the pain of the wound is sweet,
And the stricken folk bring the arrows back
To pile at the Beggar's feet.

And he fits the arrows and twangs the bow,
And laughs till his fingers shake,
For well he knows he can never miss,
But somewhere a heart must ache.

And they who are struck, they keep still tongue,
But they carry the arrows back,
And they who are spared they sound abroad
The songs of the pain they lack.

But still or singing, and grave or gay,
Through the gate of the World they go,
And the little blind Beggar sits in the sun
And laughs as he lays them low.

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

(By permission of Scribner's Sons.)

THE WILLFUL GOD

HERE is no joy in winds struck mute
Or skies asleep in dream of gray.
Apollo, strike thy wistful lute
And put a song into the day.

Here are sweet flowers wet with dew,
I'll give thee violets for a song,
Come, take my violets dripping blue,
And twine thy golden strings among.

The young wood-nymph thy lute will kiss,
See how the glad string, eager, stirs.
Wilt let thy poor lute, throbbing, miss
Its answer unto lips like hers?

Call, blithe young spirit, at thy will,
Those delicate, wild harmonies
That sing in roses, flushed and still,
And throb through things where no sound lies.

Touch the glad string! Let forth, I say,
That fluttering song that through it stirred.
It trembled like the slender spray
Where, mad with singing, clings the bird.

Full glad thy song; it laughing lives
And sends like soft mist from the strings
That delicate, slight sense that gives
The feeling as of unseen things.

Thou willful god! I see thee stand
White feet among the flowers pressed deep,
Thou hast my violets in thy hand,
Wilt thou that song forever keep?

White shines his proud young brow, and he
Stands with his bold gaze on the sun.
The little lambs flock to his knee,
And wait the song to be begun.

Shall lips that fain would sing be mute,
Shall joy enchanted sleep for aye?
Apollo, bend to thy sweet lute
And put a song into the day.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

IN APRIL DAYS

THE bank is blue with violets
A-dancing in the breeze,
The fields are bright with gay sunlight,
And gemmed with budding trees,
Sweet April smites on all our ways,
Deep wood and dappled lea—
Ah, Sweetheart of the April days,
Have you no smile for me?

The brooding skies grow darkly gray,
The gentle raindrops fall
And brim the cup each flower holds up,
And hush the robin's call.
Nature's dear face grows dim—ah, Sweet,
E'en April weeps to see!
My heart lies broken at your feet—
Have you no tears for me?

MARY WILHELMINA HASTINGS

THE GYPSY'S GRAVE

HIS gay, free life is ended and his wanderings are o'er;
His long sweet sleep has come,
And the murmur of the wavelets as they kiss their native shore
Seems to speak of rest and home.

The trees above him rustling, the birds that o'er him sing
Tell of joys for him no more;
While the roaring of the tempest when it breaks the forest-king
Speaks of struggles that are o'er.

In the early days of manhood he first saw the mountain lake,
Heard the waters whisp'ring there,
Saw the white clouds floating o'er it, heard the treetops softly shake
With the stirring of the air.

And he wandered by the lakeside with his dusky gypsy love
Under gleaming twilight skies,
Till all the light had faded save the brilliant stars above,
And her sparkling starry eyes.

Then at each returning summer he and all his gypsy band
Sought the quiet lake again,
Riding down the dusty highway till they reached the shady strand
Far from all great towns of men.

Thus his children grew to manhood; and their father, old and grey,
Died one day at set of sun;
And they laid him by the peaceful lake where whisp'ring waters say
That his work in life is done.

Now he sleeps there unattended and unwatched save by the trees,
But the blue lake for him weeps,
And sheds her soft tears o'er him when loud wails the sadden'd breeze,
But still he calmly sleeps.

MARGUERITE FELLOWS

THE HILLS IN AUTUMN

DEAR one, let us go forth together
Over the hills, where the purple haze
Breathes mystery and a witch-spell lays
On idle folk in the autumn weather.

Peace sleeps on the hills; shall we go to find her?
The sky is warm and the maples spread
A myriad links of gold and red
A down the slope for a chain to bind her.

Lo, into our inmost hearts the river,
The far-away thread with the silver gleam,
Shall wind its way like a shining dream,
With wonderful fancies alight, aquiver.

Dear heart, let us climb together the golden,
Glorious hills; who knows, we may
Win to the top of silence today,
Where even the tongues of the winds are holden.

CHARLOTTE LOWRY MARSII

AT PARTING

O ALL-TOO-WELL beloved, at last I know
That for us two the parting of the ways
Has come, and brought the ending of sweet days;
Bid me good-bye, and loose my hand, and go.
Today's fair peak we ran to climb, and low
Before us glowing in our last sun's rays
The path slopes down, nor undivided stays;
The path slopes down, but separate and slow.
Henceforward you and I alone must fare.
Nay, look not all so sad! Was ever done
A deed to merit all that we have won
Of joy? I tell you, there are those whose prayer
Is nightly on their knees that they might bear
Our shadow, could they but have known our sun!

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

(By permission of Scribner's Sons.)

PIERROT AND PIERRETTE

LIKE fairy flowers that dancing go,
Freed from the earth-bound silent stem,
Onward, whenever light winds blow,
Careless and gay,—we are like them,
Dancing wherever songs are set,
We, Pierrot and Pierrette.

The other Pierrettes are fair,
Their light forms leap like birds on bough,
Their step can scarcely downward bear
The twig they lighted on but now.
Sweetheart, your foot is lighter yet,
You are as swan-down, Pierrette.

When we alone together stand,
The other dancers far away,
I may not touch your still, white hand,
You are more coy and grave than they,
Yet your dark eyes, ah! brave coquette,
Turn to my wooing, Pierrette.

What is this garb I nightly wear?
This ruff that frames my painted face?
With a man's passion could I dare
To fold you in a clown's embrace?
But a man's heart beats even yet
'Neath the fool's trappings, Pierrette.

We laughed so well one night, my sweet.
We did not seem to think or care
Who saw us, while our dancing feet
Mocked with their fleetness birds of air.
That first glad night can you forget?
Think, and be tender, Pierrette.

The strains uprise, we two must go
Out from our sheltered hiding-place,
Out to the world, the dance, the glow
Of light and laughter, strength and grace.
Kiss me but once, that I may get
Heart for the going, Pierrette.

FRANCES ALLEN

THE SONG OF PIERETTE

I SING with my red-rouged, curving lips
To the jeering, cheering crowd.
They stamp and whistle and shout applause
Till they drown the music loud.

*I sing with my lips to them, Pierrot,
But my heart cries out to you.
Can you hear it across the years, Pierrot?
Do you smile as you used to do?*

I dance to the music's jangling sound—
I dance till my heart beats pain,
I bow and I kiss my finger tips,—
But they call for the dance again.

*I dance for the crowd again, Pierrot,
But my heart cries out for you.
Can you hear it across the years, Pierrot?
Do you smile as you used to do?*

They claim my song and my weary smile,
My dance and my tinsel gown,
Until the lights in the place go out
As the curtain at last comes down.

*The dance is over and done, Pierrot,
And my heart cries out for you.
Can you hear it across the years, Pierrot?
Do you smile as you used to do?*

ANNE COE MITCHELL

THE TWILIGHT GHOSTS

WHEN the creeping shadows gather,
And one perfect golden star
Gleams through the purple dimness,
And the sky is deep and far,

Then the twilight ghosts come floating
Through the mist-hung summer dale,
Softly sway, with white arms gleaming
Through their robes all silvery pale.

And the ever-stirring tree-tops
Still their evening lullaby
When down the shadowy forest
The twilight ghosts slip by.

They bend and twist and flutter
Between the tree-trunks grim,
Now they are misty moonbeams,
Now they are shadows dim.

Through the long noisy brightness
Of the summer's breath and bloom
They sleep deep in the forest,
In the glade of ever-gloom.

But when the shadows deepen
And through the purple sky
Glimmers the golden evening star,
The twilight ghosts slip by.

VIOLA PAULINE HAYDEN

THE ROAD OF THE RED LEAF

*Say, was it truth or a lad's wild dreaming?
There was never a man dared go beside—
Did the leaves drip red in the moon's pale gleaming?
Was it only the wind that wailed and cried?*

"Ride!

The last test now," they cried.
'Was no fear as I heard,
Nor dread of coming grief;
Straight to the road I spurred,
Where the trees meet overhead;
And the air grows chill and dead
As I ride, as I ride
On the Road of the Red Leaf.

Ride!

Before the turn is passed
My breath comes quick and fast.
" 'Was no one brave," they said.
Ah God! the sneering tone! —
"Who dared not ride alone
With the pale moon overhead
On the road that all men shun."
And they tremble, every one,
As I ride, as I ride
On the Road of the Red Leaf.

Ride!

The path begins to wind,
And the great trees close around.
From the huddling crowd behind
Comes a sudden murmuring sound.
Fear or pity now? why they
Called me coward yesterday,
So I ride and I ride
On the Road of the Red Leaf.

Ride!

Faster and faster yet
Till the black horse pants for breath
And his neck is white with sweat.
'Comes a whisper born of death,
And a wail upon the wind,
Till I dare not glance behind
As I ride, as I ride
On the Road of the Red Leaf.

Ride!

In the great trees overhead
The leaves seem whispering there
And they glisten wet and red
Within the pale moon's glare.
Is it living thing that heaves
From out the fallen leaves
As I ride, as I ride
On the Road of the Red Leaf?

Ride!

'Was no man went beside—
I was not brave, they said,
And laughed aloud, each one;
The cross-roads lie ahead
And the test is almost done—
The moon's strange gleam is past,
The pale dawn comes at last
As I ride, as I ride
On the Road of the Red Leaf.

*Was it wail of the wind or a soul despairing,
That he never smiled since he left the lane?
'Twas a pride-crazed boy that would prove his daring,
But a stern-faced man who rode forth again.*

HELEN BARTLETT MAXCY

TO THE WIND

MERCILESS monarch of prairies,
Lord of the caves and the earth-deserts,
Sing a mad chorus of triumph to banish remembrance of pain!
Come from the hills and the meadows,
Come from the rocks and the mountains,
Sing a wild song of rejoicing, sing some barbaric refrain!

Oft in the deepening twilight,
While the gay moon-sprites are gathering,
The low crooning notes of thy dusk song bring to the wanderer peace.
Gladly the man by the hearth-fire,
Wearied by toil and disheartened,
Listens to life-giving wind-tones, dreaming of rest and release.

Borne on the wings of the cyclone,
Sweeping the land with destruction,
Loud rings thy battle-song heavenward, drowning the moaning of men,
Or in the dreary night watches,
Cutting the air with the storm-blast,
Shrieking and wailing the air spirits seek the high heavens again.

Never can earth-music equal
The wonderful lilt of thy heart-beats
Restlessly rising and falling, throbbing with pleasure or pain.
Come in this moment of glory,
Come from the hills and high places,
Sing to the conquering war-lord, a song with triumphant refrain!

LEOLA BAIRD LEONARD

HEART OF MY SONG

HEART of my song—if mine own heart
Lies barren for its pain,
And all my thoughts shall beat apart
Over an empty plain,
Thy thoughts like singing birds shall fly
Athwart my falling rain.

Heart of my heart—since God has said
Mine shall not throb alone,
I cannot leave thy wide, deep ways
To which my soul has grown—
Like wind among the leaves thy mood
Is wrought into mine own.

I feel no splendor and no might
That gives not thee the praise—
Thy lordly blood has set mine own
Into more stately ways.
Thy centuries blow from out mine eyes
The thick dust of the days.

Thy thoughts are in my thoughts as sound
Is in the rain, and so
Thy memories are all around,
Whether I will or no.
I have a dream of dawns that broke
Hundreds of years ago.

I have before I yet was born
A thought of those vague years.
Thou who didst breathe in God's first morn.
Who beat in God's first spheres,
Art in my dreams for early light,
And in my heart for tears.

For even as the wind that blows
And sings from star to star,
May help the timid grass that grows,
That cannot fly so far,
Thou dwellest in me with the light
Of all the worlds that are.

Heart of my heart—heart of my song,
Though I go wandering,
Thou laughest in me all day long
Like flowers in the Spring—
Thou art not saddened by my tears,
But thou art strong to sing.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

A SUGGESTION

ONE night as I lay sleeping with a heavy woe to bear,
The queen of færie came from far upon the white moon-glare,
To soothe the pain that burnt my brow and ease my heart of care;
And her hands were like white violets,
So soft and small and fair,
The little, sweet, wind violets,
Adrift on my hair.

And when in peace I rested, she left me dreaming there,
Yea, left me smiling in my sleep, and sadly unaware
Of how she looked, and how she smiled, and what her queenly air;
But her hands were like white violets,
So soft and small and fair,
The little, sweet, wind violets,
Adrift on my hair.

ELEANOR JOHNSON LITTLE

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT I USED TO BE

AN old chest up in the attic
Under the rafters low,
A pile of forgotten treasures
And a peep into long ago.
A legless doll with hair of brown,
A worn-out doll in a faded gown,
Oh, how it all comes back to me!
Little girl that I used to be!

The playhouse down by the brook-side,
The swing in the apple-tree,
The scent of the clovers white and red,
The drowsy hum of the bee;
The low-lying hills that were veiled in haze,
The magic and mystery of those days,
Over the years have come back to me,
Little girl that I used to be!

The flowers that grew in the garden,
Sweet alyssum and holyhocks,
The arbor of morning-glories
And the paths that were edged with box,
You knew the secret of everything,—
Richer by far than any king,
You had ears that could hear and eyes that could see,
Little girl that I used to be!

You knew the place where the violets grew
On the shady side of the hill,
You knew where the swallows built their nests
Under the eaves of the mill.
Hills and meadows and sunlit trees,
The scent of the strawberries on the breeze,—
Oh, how it all comes back to me,
Little girl that I used to be!

The dreamy maze of the summer days,
The smell of the new-mown hay,
The place on the hill beneath the elms
Where the fairies used to play,
And the moon shone through the boughs of pine
As the moons of your childhood used to shine
When the queen of the fairies danced on the lea,
Oh, little girl that I used to be!

Only the chest in the attic
Under the rafters low,
Only a broken plaything
Left from the long ago,
A legless doll with hair of brown,
A worn-out doll in a faded gown,
But across the long years she comes back to me,
That little girl that I used to be!

DOROTHY DONNELL.

A SPRING FANCY

DAYS come and go like dreams, idle waking dreams,
Out of the realms of the morning clouds, with their shadowy,
mystical gleams,
Out of the shining mist they come, into the golden haze,
Like silent phantoms of unreal forms,—the listless, forgetful days.

Days come and go like dreams, beautiful, fanciful dreams,—
Full of the song of enchanted birds, and the music of rippling streams,
When the long, dim aisles of the forest are wrapped in purple haze,
And the real and the present seem far away,—in the pensive, spring-
time days.

Days come and go like dreams,—changing, vanishing dreams,
Out of the pallid night of the past, tinted with sunrise gleams,
For a moment touched with a radiant light, then lost in the gathering
haze,
As the cold night shadows with phantom-like arms enfold the passing
days.

GERTRUDE ROBERTS.

MY LADY DANCETH

MY Lady danced; like shimmering light
On the water's breast at night,
As the ripples rise and fall
She danced, and gained my heart in thrall,
For sweet she smiled into my face,
And lured me with her body's grace,
And with her feet she drew me on
Until my heart was wholly won.

*O'er the meadows, dewy-wet,
Sweet my Lady danceth yet!*

Swift I did her love entreat,
And laid my heart before her feet,—
She scarcely deigned one scornful glance,
Nor paused a moment in her dance.
Though I warned her, "Raise not hate
In a heart that's desperate!"—
She only laughed in mocking wise,
And scorned me with her lips and eyes.

*Where the leaf and sunlight fret,
Gay, my Lady danceth yet!*

Then I hied me where there dwelt
A crone who dark enchantments spelt,—
What matter if she took for toll
The one salvation of my soul?

For she wove a subtle spell,
None there was to warn or tell!
Ere three days crept slowly by
My Lady danced—a butterfly.

*O'er the meadows, thickly set
With daisy bloom, she danceth yet!*

Through the windows of the hall
Where she danced before them all,
(Lord and Lady stand aghast!)
Like a gleam of light she passed.
I, who watched with fevered eye
Gloating, those three days gone by,
Followed as she flutt'ring flew,
Till she melted in the blue.

*In revelry that knows no let,
Mad, my Lady danceth yet!*

Wind and rainstorm have their will
Of her body, yet she still
Danceth as if for delight,
From the break of dawn till night.
Sun and shower, frost and heat
Pitiless upon her beat;
Still within her magic trance
She floats, forever doomed to dance.

*The pains of hell I can forget,
But on my heart she danceth yet!*

KATHERINE DUNCAN MORSE.

A MOUNTAIN STREAM

WHO loveth a little mountain stream
Loveth the witchery of a dream,
A will-o'-the-wisp, half understood,
Laughter lost in the silent wood,
A splash of white foam over the brim
Of a dusky pool, where shadows dim
Sleep in unrest, and love spells be,
And I know not what sweet coquetry;
A flood of ripples and sunlit spray
Ravishing all my heart away.
Then lo, the brook runs on to the sea
With never a backward look for me.
Who loveth a little mountain stream
Loveth the witchery of a dream.

CHARLOTTE LOWRY MARSH.

POPPY-BOATS

WHEN the sun hangs low in the heavens,
And the shadows of evening creep,
A poppy-boat fleet comes sailing
To the shore of the sea of sleep,—
From the island of dreams comes sailing
To the shore of the sea of sleep.

And down the long lane of slumber,
When night falls dewy and sweet,
The souls of the sleepy children
Come running with eager feet,—
The little white souls of the children
Come running with eager feet.

And down to the shore they hasten,
And a poppy-boat waits for each
To bear it away to the island
The day-world never can reach,—
To the beautiful, far-away island
The day-world never can reach.

For those that are early, poppies
All crimson and scarlet wait,
But faded and brown the flowers
Of the little souls that are late,—
All withered and drooping the flowers
Of the little souls that are late.

Ah, be the boat brown and withered
Or a crimson-dyed cup of light,
I fain would sail with the children
To the island of dreams tonight,—
With the pure little souls of the children
To the island of dreams tonight.

Come, lead me, Spirit of slumber,
With the mystical eyes and deep,
Down to the poppy-boats rocking
By the shore of the sea of sleep,—
To the poppy-boats dreamily rocking
By the shore of the sea of sleep.

MARGARET HAMILTON WAGENHALS.

KINDRED

IT matters not along what ways
My winged and wandering soul is blown,—
Through blinding dust, o'er starlit hills;
From all the world I know my own.

It may be only morning mist
With unguessed mountains shouldering through,—
It may be but a thistle-wisp
That sails and shines against the blue,—

In these are all my kith and kin,
Of each I feel myself a part.
From all the world I know my own,
And set their seal upon my heart.

CLARA WINIFRED NEWCOMB

AS FAR AS THE EAST IS FROM THE WEST

HEAVY with their tears are my eyes, and aching,
Living is but longing, and my heart beats low;
All my hungry soul is yearning for that land while I'm waking,
Where at night in my blessed dreams I go!

Sunny lie the slopes where the bees are hiving,
Greenly roll the Western hills 'neath skies of blue;
But the amber haze of day time with the pearl dusk is striving,
In the East, where the night is cool with dew!

Patient are the eyes of the pale Christ, pleading,
Pleasant is the odor of the bread and wine;
But the Buddha's mystic gazing all my tired soul is reading,
And my heart lays the lotus at his shrine!

Busy is the working and gay the playing,
Swift and ever swifter fly the keen, bright hours;
But my heart it aches with longing for the old, sweet delaying,
For the lutes and the laughter and the flowers!

Stately like a queen is my golden-haired maiden,
Truth and faith and blessing in her gray eyes shine;
But the flower-mouth of my Eastern love with life's joy is laden,
And her small feet they tread my heart to wine!

Heavy with their tears are my eyes, and aching,
Living is but longing, and my heart beats low;
All my hungry soul is yearning for that land, while I'm waking,
Where at night in my blessed dreams I go!

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

THE SHADOW OF THE END

THE winding road, the air like wine,
And smiling fields on either hand—
A joyous lot was yours and mine
To fare together through the land.
The robin's song, the sun that thrills,
The breeze that makes the grasses bend,—
And far away among the hills
The shadow of the end.

Enough it was from day to day
To fare together side by side,
And summer magic charmed away
The thought of where our roads divide.
Now dearer grows the breezy dawn,
The twilight with its drowsy calls,—
And forward, where our eyes are drawn,
The shadow darkling falls.

Today, a stillness on the wheat,
The sweetest, saddest golden weather,
And here, before our lagging feet,
The last fair slope we climb together.
Already we have passed the brow;
Then lay your hand in mine, dear friend.
It falls about us even now,—
The shadow of the end.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS

ROSE TIME

WILD roses by the roadside and rose-vines on the wall,
But the roses on the dial are the sweetest flowers of all,
For, ever as they linger, they hide the shadowy trace
Of Time that passes fleeting o'er the ancient sun-dial's face;
So, while the summer's with us in her robe of gold and green,
Time enters not the garden where the hours pass unseen.
And when the roses wither and their green leaves drop at night,
Turning yellow in the darkness as if stricken by a blight,
Then, through all the months of winter, we may read the hours plain,
That bring us through cold weather to the rose time once again.

MARGARET SEABURY COOK

THE GARDEN O' DREAMS

IT'S the lovers' moon that is shining tonight,
And the wind that is sighing low
Is the same soft wind that whispered to us
In the world of long ago.
I am hungry tonight for the touch of your hand,
Come, Dearheart, let us go
While the love moon gleams,
To the Garden o' Dreams
Where the old-time roses blow.

Oh, the Garden o' Dreams is a wonderful place,
Dearheart, when I meet you there
Though the years have been long since I saw your face,
It is young and lovely and fair.
And the sorrows of life that have whitened my hair,
The heartache and all the pain
In the Garden o' Dreams
When the love moon gleams
All vanish away again.

The cares of life and its little woes
Are shadowy things and small,
And memories are the lasting things
And the greatest of them all.
Dearheart, when the moonlight is very fair,
And you wander away with me
In the Garden o' Dreams
When the love moon gleams,
You are mine as you used to be.

See, Dearheart, these are the roses—see,
And the lilies that bloomed in the shade,
All fresh and sweet as they used to be—
Dream flowers will never fade.
And the touch of your hand is real to me,
And the warmth of your quiet breath.
In the Garden o' Dreams
When the love moon gleams
There's no such thing as Death.

DOROTHY DONNELL

A LOVER'S SONG IN SPRINGTIME

ROSAMOND, Rosamond,
Rose of the world.
Oh, the garden world is sweet!
There are lilies fair,
There are wild flowers rare,
Torn from the rocks where the mosses curled;
And the heavy scent of the lilac steals
With purple glory unfurled.
Oh Rosamond, rose of the world,
I am coming to you, my sweet.
The spirit that dwells in the garden feels
And is caught in the spell of your grace,
Oh Rosamond, rose of the world,
With your wonderful flower face.
Oh, the golden mesh of your hair!
And the quick, light glance of your feet!
If you knew how I loved, would you care? Would you care?
I am coming to you, my sweet,
In the wonderful hush of the morning,
Through the garden with dew still pearled,
Oh Rosamond, Rosamond, Rosamond,
Rosamond, rose of the world.

FLORENCE BATTERSON

TWO NIGHTS

LAST night, a flaming moon that seemed to cast
A path of gold across a waveless sea;
A myriad stars that glassy depths gave back,
Broad, glistening sands—and thou, sweetheart, with me.

Tonight, a sky spread o'er with sullen clouds,
A storm-tossed sea whose waters sob and moan;
The beach, a narrow blackness where the waves
In fury rise and break, and I,—alone.

KLARA ELISABETH FRANK

THE MASTER-WIND

THE Master-Wind is striding
Across the tree-tops high;
For him there is no biding—
He hears afar a cry.

'Neath his resistless treading
The bare boughs bend and break,
And all the dim woods, dreading
His passing, stir and shake.

His garments, long and trailing,
Whirl up the withered leaves,
And at his footfall quailing
Low bend the whitened sheaves.

He does not feel their swaying,
Nor know their little fears,
As swift he goes, obeying
The far call in his ears.

For in his heart is ringing
A distant melody,
He hears the rhythmic swinging
And cadence of the sea.

When fades the day behind him,
When broods the gloom before,
The questing gull shall find him
Along the dark'ning shore,

Where stand the coast-lights burning
Above the sullen tide,
And down the roadstead turning
The low-bowed light-ships ride.

Beyond their dwindling sparkle,
Where flies the scudding foam,
The wide, rude waters darkle
And bergs and ice-floes roam.

The unknown, gray seas riding,
Whose measure none may wist,
The Master-Wind comes striding
To keep his ocean-tryst.

HENRIETTA SPERRY

THE SONG OF THE MOUNTAINEER

I KNOW that the forest tells me true
The secret of the trees;
I trust the murmured syllables
They scatter to the breeze;
But the ocean stores its loves and its lores
Deep down in its watery fold;
For the heart of the sea throbs not for me,—
The heart of the sea beats cold.

The mountain breasts are warm with fire,
Their pulse but echoes mine;
I love their earthquake mutterings
And their song in birch and pine;
But the ocean keeps in its fathomless deeps
Its thoughts to me untold;
For the heart of the sea throbs not for me,—
The heart of the sea beats cold.

CHARLOTTE BURGIS DEFOREST

SYMPATHY

ARTH, my Mother, let me draw anear thee:
Let me lean a moment on thy heart.
For a moment let me see thee, hear thee,
Know thee, as thou art.

Let me give myself into the spaces
Where thou sweepst broadly to the sky,
Lose myself within thy secret places,
Know not I am I.

I am fretful: stoop and lull me, dearest,
To a larger quiet on thy breast:
Thou art pledged that thou, to all thou bearest,
Givest some day rest.

Some day thou wilt take me, ay, and hold me,
Close the eyes that vainly ached to see,
Clasp me in thy strong warm arms, and fold me
Very close to thee.

Some day thou wilt still my heart's fierce beating
To a surer unison with thine.
This shall be, I know, but why the waiting
Till death give the sign?

Take me now to this our true relation
Ere Death draw me from the light above:
Teach me thine unchanging toleration,
Deep and clear-eyed love.

Teach, to hold the Truth I rise to, longer,
Lest a moment mar my life's design.
Love I know, but teach me to be stronger,
Earth, dear Mother mine!

RITA CREIGHTON SMITH

THE LIGHT UPON THE HILLS

FROM the forest's fairy hollows the purple light is fading,
And the sunbeams sport no longer at the flashing, fern-fringed
rills;

In calm, unbroken stillness the flickering shadows deepen,
Yet the sunlight glimmers warm and bright on the far-off western
hills.

The dew is on the meadow and the clover heads are nodding
In silence, as the bumblebee his drowsy droning stills;
The splendor and the glory fade to the gray of evening,
Yet the gold and crimson linger in the light upon the hills.

The mist is on the river,—the pallid, reed-fringed river,—
And the mystic hush of eventide the lapping water thrills;
Yet beyond the mist and darkness a clear, faint light is shining
With tender, mellow, radiant glow on the far-off, dreamy hills.

GERTRUDE ROBERTS

WHEN DAYLIGHT DIES

WHEN daylight dies, the world is hushed and still,
All nature trembles, Heaven itself bends low,
And from the woods the wailing whippoorwill
Sings elegies in cadence sweet and slow,
When daylight dies.

When daylight dies, o'er all the earth is spread
A quaker robe of softly shaded gray,
The flow'rets slumber in their leafy bed,
In dreams with wooing butterflies at play,
When daylight dies.

When daylight dies, the whispering zephyrs stir
The quivering leaflets, children of the dawn.
The shadows fall from oak and beech and fir,
And melt into the darkness, newly born,
When daylight dies.

When daylight dies, the water's mirroring breast
Reflects the breathless calm of earth and sky;
While over it, with downy pinions spread,
The winged ships, like birds, glide slowly by,
When daylight dies.

When daylight dies, peace enters troubled hearts.
From wearied souls, by countless cares oppressed,
The deadly burden of each grief departs;
And earth and sky and sea are all at rest,
When daylight dies.

BERTHA CHACE LOVELL

LOVE ME WITH ALL THY TEARS

LOVE me with all thy tears. To those who know
No favor deeper than thy smile, to them
Give what thou wilt of smiling words. I ask
A dearer thing. It is that thou make mine
Thy hours of pain. Do thou to me unmask
The agonies that love accounts divine.

Love me with all thy tears. There can no joy
In this strange world make up one-half the sum
That sorrow doth towards rare companionship.
The grief-choked vows, unuttered, nearest lie
To love's own shrine,—nor holds the lip
In song one-half it breathes into a sigh.

Love me with all thy tears. Then shall my soul
Reach out to thee and know thee from the rest.
Let me but find thee through my blinding tears,
When thy soul too some white-faced misery sees;
Let me but share thy broken hopes, thy fears;
My heart—it shall be satisfied with these.

LAUREL LOUISA FLETCHER

A PRESENCE

THOU comest to me like the night, my love,
Blending earth's voices into heavenly peace,
Letting thy finger touches on my eyes
Fall as the cooling dew from twilight skies,
While that thy smiles a thousand dreams release,—
Phantoms that always flee from light, my love.

Thou stayest by me like the night, my love,
A night unsilvered by a single star,
That reaches 'way beyond those purple hills
On day's horizon, for thy presence fills
My world, and, though I scan afar, afar,
I need not fear the bitterness of light, my love.

Thou goest from me like the night, my love,
As wind trips over grasses' dewy veil,
Thou fadest from me, yet I see thee go
Knowing I dare to be alone, although
Quivering from thy footsteps falls the trail
Behind of cold, earth-scented light, my love.

MAUDE BARROWS DUTTON

SEPARATION

ACROSS the grass the golden sunbeams file,
The crimson clouds are dying in the skies,
The trees are veiled in twilight from my eyes;
'Twas but my fancy that I saw thee smile.

Far o'er the hills the purple shadows fall,
The apple-blossoms flutter to the ground;
Within this lonely place there is no sound.
'Twas only in my heart I heard thee call.

CLARA LOCKE THOMSON

THE AFTER-GLOW

OF old I saw the love-light in your eyes,—
The tender light like to the summer skies
At evening's edge; and now, so soon, it seems
The dusk is lit by after-glow of dreams.

Of old I heard the music of your voice,
Thrilling and sweet, as birds at dawn rejoice
To greet the day. Now, silence! while apart
The echoes tremble in my lonely heart.

Of old I felt your timid, light caress
Like brush of startled moth. Now emptiness
Of days that know you not. Yet ev'rywhere
The soft vibrations on the quiet air!

ANNE COE MITCHELL

THE SONG TRIUMPHANT

IF a great thought smites on thy soul, unshapen and voiceless and strong,
Canst thou give up thyself to its use, to fashion it into a song?

When the blind song stirs in thy breast, and would fain be forth to the light,
Canst thou yield it thy heart, that the beatings may tune its rhythm aright?

To this thou must give up thy Past: what is hid from thy dearest on earth,
That it drink from the springs of the life the remembrance of tears and of mirth.

To this thou must give up thy Present: the world that thou holdest so dear
Shall divide and flow back where thou goest, lest it press on thy burden too near.

To this thou must give up thy Future: one vision shall guide thee along;
No face of man or of maid, but the glorified face of thy Song.

And when thou hast lived to the end, thou shalt see thou hast lost earth's gains,
The full communion of life, the heart-whole pleasures and pains.

Thou shalt see thou hast had good measure, but never without an alloy—
The rapture of song in thy pain, the anguish of song in thy joy.

And a doubt shall knock at thy heart: "If my life was a shadow, then,—
If I have not lived as a man, how should I have sung to men?"

In that hour shalt thou speak for thy faith, thou shalt speak with no
faltering tongue,
But declare in all gladness at last, "It is well. For a Song has been
sung."

RITA CREIGHTON SMITH

AT EVENTIDE

SWEET, the night is closing in,
And the old, old wounds throb sore,—
Yet my worst crime was less a sin
Than your scorn of the love I bore.

Echoes of battle still I hear,
Though the sunlight long has fled;
The war was all for you, dear,
For you ran the heart's blood red.

Scarr'd with battle when I turn'd
To you for the victor's crown,
Each scar you saw, the reason spurn'd,
And my laurel was—your frown.

Perfect and fair you stood above,
To reach you I join'd the fray;
All the scars I wear for you, love,—
And your only word was nay.

Sweet, the night is closing in,
And the old, old wounds throb sore,—
Yet my worst crime was less a sin
Than your scorn of the love I bore.

NINA LOUISE ALMIRALL

SLUMBER TIME

COME, little weary one,
And sleep awhile.
Come, eager feet, that run
So many a baby mile.
Come! then be still.
Close, like a star-kissed flower,
Brown eyes, until
This drowsy summer hour
Has loitered past.
Then wake at last,
As fair and fresh,
As sweet and bright
As when the moments thresh
The darkness of the night,
And leave it dawn.

The Lullaby—Hark! the south wind whispers soft,
Wafting apple blooms aloft,
Whispers through the apple tree,
To the mother bird and me,
Listen! for he breathes so low,
Rocking blossoms to and fro,
Listen to the song he sings.
“Rest is best for little things,
Babies’ thoughts, and a nest bird’s wings,
Rest, rest is best.”

ALICE KATHERINE FALLOWS

THE FIELDS OF SLEEP

SLEEP Love,
Then, where the night wind streams,
Rocking the flowers of sleep;
There shalt thou wander and reap,
Nor grieve that thy harvest be dreams.

Sleep Love,
But, 'neath the night wind's breath,
Guard thee thy sickle's sweep,
For midst the fields of sleep
Blossoms the flower of death.

LAUREL LOUISA FLETCHER

THE PIPER'S MORROW

UP and down and here and there
Went the piper playing,
All he knew to tune his air
And keep the flocks from straying.
"Piper cease," and "Piper cease,"
Quoth the folk with sorrow,
"Labor now and get thee peace
And plenty for the morrow."

Homeward came the laborers strong,
Heavy harvests bringing,
Up and down and all along
Strayed the piper singing.
Oft the good dame from the door
Watched him thence with sorrow,
But he only sang the more
And minded not the morrow.

Slow the laborers from the plain
Bring their fruits delaying,
And the good dame waits in vain
For an idler's playing.
Flocks are wandering on the hill,
Timid with their sorrow,
And the piper, smiling still
Has gone to meet his morrow.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

THE SONG OF MY MASTER

I LIFT my head at his word of command,
I leap at the touch of his spur,
And always he sings a song to the beat
Of my hoofs as we travel adown the street—
"To her, to her, to her!"

We gallop away on the hard white road,
To a forest of pine and fir.
My hoofs are the music, he sings the refrain,
Softer than voices of dropping rain—
"To her, to her, to her!"

Within the forest, all dark and still,
The shadows my feet may deter,
But soft, as the needles that fall on the ground
He sings it again, and sweet is the sound—
"To her, to her, to her!"

Out on the highroad and into the town,
With its bustle and noise and stir;
He has ceased to sing, but I know his heart,
Till we reach her gate, is beating its part—
"To her, to her, to her!"

MARIETTA ADELAIDE HYDE

SPRING AND FALL

WHEN from the hills the laughing rills
O'er rocky barriers leaping
With joyful shout come rushing out,
Through quiet valleys sweeping;
When from the earth in radiant birth
The first brave blossoms springing
Nod dainty heads from leafy beds,
They set my heart a-singing,—
Heigho for every growing thing!
Come, welcome, lark and swallow!
For spring is here to greet the year
And summer soon will follow.

When from the trees a madcap breeze
Sets painted leaves a-swirling,
And down the stream with sudden gleam
Like fairy-boats they're whirling;
When o'er the land on every hand
The purple mists are lying,
And flowers lie dead within each bed,
Ah, then my heart's a-sighing,—
Sleep sweetly now, O living things,
Fly southward, lark and swallow,
For fall is here to speed the year,
And winter soon will follow.

ANNIE JOHNSTON CRIM

WHO KNOWS ?

" I 'VE loved, I've loved," she said with content
As she gazed at the red, red rose.
And the red rose nodded in sweet assent,
For perhaps she had loved,—who knows ?

"I've lost, I've lost," she said all forlorn,
And a tear dropped on the red rose.
The red rose pricked her with one small thorn,
For perhaps she had lost,—who knows ?

CLARA MYERS KNOWLTON

A SPRING NIGHT

THE crescent moon is swinging in the sky,
The flecking clouds go sailing, swirling by,
The wandering wind lulls to a fitful rest
The tree-tops, on its ever-moving breast.
Some sleepless bird calls, with a plaintive note,
Its cadences seem ever up and up to float—
Up to the spaces near the pale, young moon.
But the sweet sound is lost to earth, and soon,
Amid the dewy grass, the bird
Nestles, nor knows the stars have heard.

CORNELIA BROWNELL GOULD

MY DREAM BOAT

LAST night, upon the boundless sea of sleep,
A little dream I set afloat:
The precious boat
Went gaily forth upon the tideless deep.

Ah, Love! Could you but guess the freight it bore,—
A hope, long cherished tenderly,
For you and me,—
You would be waiting gladly on the shore.

For once the dream was yours. One thing I know,
My bark will reach you, soon or late.
Till then I wait,
And live again the days of long ago.

KATHERINE ESTELLE COLLINS

IN FAIRY-LAND

OH say, have you been in Fairy-land?
For your eyes are bright
With a wonderful light,
Like the stars that shine on a still spring night.
Oh, you must have been in Fairy-land!

Oh say, have you clasped a fairy's hand?
Have you joined their song in the shady dell?
For your voice rings clear like a silver bell,
And your touch is like the leaf of a rose,
And you gently move as the soft wind blows.
Oh, I know you have been in Fairy-land!

MIRIAM ALMA MYERS

THE DREAM-CHILD

MY little dream-child sits close by my knee
Alone in the dim fire-light,
And we talk of the land of Never-Can-Be
Till the evening grows into the night.

And ever the fire-light plays on her hair,
And we talk to each other, low,
Until she grows sleepy, then rocking there
I croon a dream-lullaby slow.

You may keep your children, you mothers true,
For my motherhood, too, is divine,
And there's all of the roses, and none of the rue,
With this little dream-child of mine.

MILDRED SIDNEY BALDWIN

ANIMULA VAGULA

I HAVE a butterfly soul.
Not the one that you know,
But a strange little thing that I've watched grow—
Just a wee little butterfly soul.
And it's like a fresh little dash of snow,
The note of a bird, or the sunlight's gleam,
The breath of a violet, the heart of a stream,
A quaint little butterfly soul.
And it comes to me, and it whispers low
The things that I never dreamed to know.
And I close my eyes, and it paints for me
The things that I never dreamed to see.
And nobody knows why I feel so glad,
And nobody cares, but I'm not sad,—
There's a wonderful note in the song it sings,
And the sunlight's caught in the burnished wings
Of my little butterfly soul.
Oh, born of beauty, with beauty's might,
Where thou art not I find my night.
A vision comes of a deep-blue bay,
Where the white waves leap, and the wild waves play,
And a terror creeps round my heart,—I know
That another calls, and my soul must go—
My little butterfly soul.
And I try to hold it. I cry, "Stay, stay!"
But it never heeds, and it flits away,
Flits away, flits away, flits away—
And it's gone, the thing that I love,—ah well!
And I'm always afraid, for none can tell,
None can ever tell, and none can know
The way that a butterfly soul may go.

FLORENCE BATTERSON

THE HOLIDAY

*Lowd sings the throstle; the soft wind is bringing
Scent of the roses from fields far away.
Hark to the sound of the merry brook singing,
"Where is a heart filled with sorrow today?"*

THE princess's head drooped wearily above her dreary task;
There were so many questions that those gray-haired men might
ask.

Why must she sit and study there the whole long afternoon
When all the birds were singing sweet, and 'twas the month of June?

And through the open window came the scent of new-mown hay;
The sunbeams danced across the floor to ask her out to play;
The little princess closed her books and softly stole away.

She hurried through the gloomy hall, crept quickly down the stair;
She reached the door, and no one but a drowsy guard was there;
He never heard her little feet step lightly on the stone,
She scampered through the castle-gate and—found the world—alone.

The garden lay beside her with its roses wondrous fair;
A little brook ran gleefully from out the forest there;
The sun smiled down from overhead, a bird piped from a tree,
And every little grass-blade seemed to beckon her with glee.

The bees were humming overhead, the garden's breath was sweet,
The winding paths were surely made for eager childish feet,
And where the sun had kissed the field were strawberries to eat.

The sun was golden in the west, and all the world was still
But for the brook's low murmur and the lonely whip-poor-will,
When toward the great gray castle the little princess came
With happy face and dreamy eyes and wind-kissed cheeks aflame.

*Silver the moon gleams,—the night breeze is bringing
Scent of the roses from fields far away.
Hark to the sound of the drowsy brook singing,
"One little child has been happy today."*

HELEN BARTLETT MAXCY

DOWN HILL

HEIGH HO!

Ah, do you know
Whither our flashing feet shall go?
Hoofs have you and the hairy thigh,
And a little brown wisp of a nymph am I,
Down the forest, flickering by
Low and high;
Sing and cry
Heigh ho!

Who ever could know
Whither our bold brown feet shall go?
Hoofs bite well on the moss-green stone;
Small toes cling to the roots out-thrown;
Quick hands catch at the light leaves blown
Low and high.
Sing and cry
Heigh ho!

Why should we know
Whither our following feet shall go?
Slim tree bends like an Indian's bow;
Brown bog curdles and creeps; heigh ho!
Leaf and petal and sun-shape blow
Low and high.
Sing and cry
Heigh ho!

Never to know
Save that the hoofs and the brown feet go

Under the close boughs' blue-patched roof;
Down the mountain, putting to proof
Little brown foot and lean brown hoof—
 Low and high—
 Sing and cry
 Heigh ho!
 Never to know—
Only to go and go and go!
 Heigh ho!

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

BOBOLINK

RIPPLE of music, air scented sweet,
Odor of blossoms and, under one's feet,
Fragrant white petals like flakes of snow,
Dancing shadows that sway to and fro,
Notes exulting that swell and sink,
Bobolink.

MARIE OLLER

FICKLE

YOU smile from off the eastern hill,
A promise you will not fulfill
Upon your way,
For sudden rains come pouring down
And then you laugh to see us frown,
O April day!

ANNIE JOHNSTON CRIM

TELL ME

HOW to put the question,
Teach me humming-bird—
You who win all sweetness
And never say a word!

How shall I come near her?
Teach me, wind of May—
You who toy with apple-blooms
Nor brush the down away!

Shall I sing or say it?
Or do eyes tell best?
Nay, it is already
A secret half-confessed.

How to win the answer,
For I am sure she knows,
Tell me, dew and sunshine,
How you ope a rose.

HELEN RUTH STOUT

SONGS OF MY LADY

I

I LOVE my lady e'en to the sweet tips
Of her dear fingers—love her rosy lips,
Eyes brown and laughing—love her dusky hair
And love to watch the shadows linger there.
I love her cheeks, the tint that in them lies,
And e'en her faults are precious in my eyes.

II

My lady frowned today. The world is sad,
And overhead the clouds hang, chill and gray.
My lady frowned. The joy which once I had
Has left me now. I mourn as best I may.
My heart is lead. My lady frowned today.

My lady smiled today. The world is bright.
The clouds from these fair skies have fled away.
My lady smiled. My heart is all delight.
The birds sing loud, and everything is gay.
Naught can be wrong. My lady smiled today.

III

Beside her grave stood Love and I. We wept;
Love, that he loved her, I, that she was dead.
Till, weary grown of weeping, Cupid said,
"Come, let's away. It is as if she slept."
I shook my head. "Thou'rt fickle, Love," said I.
"She sleeps forever. Prithee, Cupid go.
I fain would stay here, quiet, with my woe
And, if I might, I fain would near her die."
"Nay, nay," quoth Love, "Clarissa lives no more.
Come, find another. Be she half as fair
She'll please." Said I, "Dost think that I could care
For any other, with a heart so sore!"
"Oh, say you so!" said Love. "Then I'll away."
So by her grave alone I mourn today.

RUTH PARSONS MILNE

THE STORY OF THE ROSE

ONCE, long ago, when all roses were white,
 One nestled fair
 In the night-dusky hair
Of a nymph whose face was light.

A youth, watching, saw from its resting-place sweet—
 Its wavy repose—
 Reluctant the rose,
Like a wounded heart, fall at his feet.

His love was unknown, as the rose fell unmissed;
 He lifted it where
 It lay, wounded and fair,
And the rose's white heart he kissed.

Then, following the nymph as she moved through the green,
 He gave back the rose,
 Whose petals enclose
The kiss throbbing warm and unseen.

And her heart's-love for him which she dared not disclose
 She softly confessed
 In the kiss that she pressed
To the fluttering heart of the rose.

When her lips met the kiss that was lingering concealed
 By each still unguessed,
 Their love unconfessed
That moment to each was revealed;

While the heart of the flower grew warm, that was dead;
A love-light glows
In the leaves of the rose,
And the quivering flower blushed red.

So it happened that roses grew red like this;
For, ah, who knows
The heart of a rose
Or the power of a kiss?

MARY HELEN LATHROP

OPTIMISM

FROM the heart of the dawn came a thought
To me, from the heart of the dawn
A thought:

Sin and grief are the work
Of men, but truth of the Lord
Is taught.

In the heat of noon came a thought
To me, in the heat of the noon,
A thought:

Sin reigns,
And truth is dying, and God
Cares not.

Through the quiet of dusk came a thought
To me, through the quiet of dusk,
A thought:

Sin tries, and grief
But chastens. Behold what God
Hath wrought!

BERTHA LOUISE THRESHER

LOVE CAME LAUGHING

ONCE Love came laughing through the orchard ways,
When white and pink with blossoms were the trees,
And redolent with perfume blew the breeze,
And filled with promise were the long spring days.

All glorious to my enchanted gaze
Were spread before me earth and air and sky.
So gladly forth to meet him then went I,
When Love came laughing through the orchard ways.

Ah, magic spell of all these long spring days!
Once more to your sweet witchery I yield,
And fain I am to wander far afield
With Love, who laughs adown the orchard ways!

GERTRUDE CRAVEN

THE TOKEN

WHY are they dead, the violets he gave me?
Why should they die?
His love that came when nothing else could save me
Is deathless as the eternal sapphire sky.

Ah, why
Should love a token give
That hath no while to live,
Is withered by a breath and blasted by a sigh?

Why are they dead, the violets he gave me?
Why should *they* die?
Sweet Death, who only hast the power to save me,
Why dost thou hide thy face and pass me by?

Ah, why
To them thy treasure give
Who are but glad to live,
And are not left alone with life's great pain, as I?
Why are they dead, the violets he gave me?
Why should *they* die?

ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR

HER DRESS

IT lies upon the armchair in her room,
Her dress—the dress she wore an hour ago.
It shimmers softly in the candle-light,
Just as it shone before the firelight's glow.

I sat upon the warm rug at her feet
And leaned my head against its fragrant fold,
And watched the golden cities on the hearth,
And saw them crumble as the fire grew old.

And so I go again to her dear room
And drop upon the rug beside her chair,
And lay my face all softly on her dress,
And hold it close,—because she is not there.

HENRIETTA SPERRY

FULFILLMENT

I KNOW not if the time were long, dear heart,
Nor what the life between. But leave untold
The waiting days, for now through happy tears
I see your face once more. We stood apart
In some far other world. Tonight I hold
Your hand in mine. There are no absent years.

ELIZABETH REEVE CUTTER

MOODS

A FACE seen in a crowd,
The memory of a dream,
A careless song, a spoken word,—
And Life,—how fair you seem!

A face just seen in passing,
A song's sweet sad refrain,
A dream and an awakening,—
And Life—you are all pain!

GERTRUDE CRAVEN

AT THE COMING OF SPRING

WHAT Spring was smiling-eyed and glad,
And scarlet flowers in her hair she wore,
And like a star in whitest white was clad.

And all the night with scent of flowers was mad.
Like gentle rain the fragrant blooms did pour
Down from the dancing trees. Durst Love be sad?

Then Love and Spring did wander hand in hand,
Out from the crowded street
Into the country land
Down lanes that border on the meadows, sweet
With wild field flowers ran their hurrying feet—
Like silver moonlight splashed on some sea-strand.

And when they passed,
The laughing gardens blossomed to the view,
Young lovers clung and loved their love anew,
Old lovers laughed to find their love still true;
Until at last

A tired woman of the city smiled,
Saying she dreamed Love was not always sad,
But went with one clad all in whitest white—
Crowned with fair flowers, and smiling-eyed, and glad.

FLORENCE BATTERSON

THE HEART OF MARCH

O THE heart of March is wild as a bird
That's yearning to use its wings!
It thrills in the wind and it throbs in the wind,
With the wind it leaps and flings;
And the cardinal lights in the bare tree-tops,
And sings, and sings, and sings.
O, the joy of it beats in my blood, mad joy
At the strenuous life of things!
And I, with the cardinal, watch the buds
For the message their bursting brings,
While warm as flame in the bare tree-tops,
He sings and sings and sings.

GRACE WALCOTT HAZARD

A CASKET OF GEMS

I. TURQUOISE

WO eyes of starry blue,
A dainty face and fair
Set in a fairy ring
Of pale gold hair.
A filmy quaint blue gown
Clasped by a turquoise band;
Turquoises at her throat
And on her hand.

II. PEARL

Her hair was dusky, soft like night,
Her pale face dreamily alight
With gray eyes beaming;
Her robe was cloudy shimm'ring white,
And pearls with misty radiance bright
In her hair gleaming.

III. OPAL

A fluttering scarf of rainbow hue,
A pair of eyes of changeful blue,
Hair that reflects all shades of gold,
A wayward heart, now hot, now cold.

 Changing ever,
Constant never,
Heart and face that ne'er grow old.

IV. EMERALD

Hard and cold is the fair pale face,
 Bright and chill are the sparkling eyes;
Her robe shines green amid the lace,
 An emerald chain on her white throat lies.

MARGUERITE FELLOWS

THE VENDER OF DREAMS

DRITHEE try, come and buy,
Come and buy a dream.
Here is the dream of a kiss for you,
And here is a baby's smile,
Here is a wreath of laurel leaves
And a coronet of gold,
Here is a fairy's buttercup shoe
That really ought to be sold.
I'll buy or sell, exchange, make new,
I'm sure I've the very thing for you.
My wares I cry. Who'll buy? Who'll buy?

JEAN CHALLIS MACDUFFIE

THE COBWEB

MY house of white is fair to see,
'Tis built of finest tracery,
Most delicate and fragile light;
My house of white.

My house of white with lamps is hung,
Of softly gleaming dewdrops, strung
On silver threads, and making bright
My house of white.

My house of white within is spread
With fabrics sheer, and carpeted
With satin. Ah! 'tis rarely dight,
My house of white!

But, ah, my house not long doth stay!
As mystic castles fade away
In legends old, so takes its flight
My house of white.

KATHARINE DUNCAN MORSE

HEIGHO! AND A HEIGHO!

HEIGHO! and a heigho!
Oh sing, little bird, yes, sing!
Cling on to the branch
As the great winds blow,
And don't let go,
Just cling and sing,
With a heigho, and a heigho!

For love is in that grand old tree,
It guards thee 'round protectingly,
Ah! would the world give such to me.
But heigho! and a heigho!
For once it did, 'twas long ago,
And when the winds began to blow,
I did not cling, I did not sing,
But I let go.
Heigho! Heigho!

FLORA JULIET BOWLEY

A JAPANESE FAN

IS it so warm in Old Japan?
Do flowers flaunt out such riot glare?
Hangs that soft, golden mist so low?
Ah me, ah me, to journey there!

Inked out against the yellow glow
One sharp peak rises, blackly bare;
A stately swan steers up the sky—
Ah me, ah me, to journey there!

And see her as she furls her fan!
Was ever lady half so fair?
She beckons to me with her eyes—
Ah me, ah me, to journey there!

Were ever feet so dainty small?
Was ever coiled such shining hair?
Her hands are like curled lily-buds—
Ah me, ah me, to journey there!

Fan-pictured, dear Japan, thy calm
Fills us of West with dull despair!
(The palm-leaves sift the sunlight through)
Ah me, ah me, to journey there!

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

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HEIGHO!

I SAW my love in the lane today,
Heigho! say I,—
Not one word did she say to me
And not one word said I,
But I saw my love in the lane today,
And she smiled—as she passed by!

JEAN CHALLIS MACDUFFIE

THE LONE ROAD

IT'S only a step from Here to There.
I took it yesterday.

People were talking—I looked away—
And suddenly everything grew queer,
Not a thing in sight that looked like Here,
Yet it's only a step from Here to There.

From There to Here is a long, long way,
You have to walk it alone.

It's the weariest road in the world, I own,—
This strange white road,—not a soul in sight.
I'm back again, but it took all night.

Yes, from There to Here is a long, long way.

KATHERINE ESTELLE COLLINS

TO THE PORTRAIT OF PENELOPE BOOTHBY

THE dear little dignified air,
The sweet little countrified face,
The mob-cap crowning your hair,
Just edged with the daintiest lace,
The kerchief crossed under your chin,
The mitts hiding round, dimpled arms—
Dear child, you won my heart, then,
With your little, last-century charms.

CORNELIA BROWNELL GOULD

TO HIS OLD LOVE.

I HAD rather you were beside me, love,
With the old-time faults that I knew so well,
Than a spotless angel from heaven above
From whose every breath a benison fell.

For I love the gleam of your gay blue eyes—
With their scorn and laughter and sudden pride—
And I love your petulant quick replies
Where the bitter and sweet sparkle side by side.

You were not all kind, you were not all true,
In those days long dead that have left their scar;
But I love those faults, for those faults are you,
And I love you, dear, for just what you are.

MARY WILHELMINA HASTINGS

POET LORE

LOVE me not, dear, poet-wise,
Through your glowing fancy;
I who dip in poet dyes
Scorn their necromancy.

He who woos in terms of art
Hath small stake upon it;
You just love me with your heart,
Leave to me the sonnet.

EDITH DEBLOIS LASKEY

NAILS AND THINGS

His eyes were so big and earnest
And he looked so far away,
I asked him what he was thinking,
As he sat on the floor that day.
Then he turned to me, with that serious smile,
Which quick to my memory springs,
And answered, "Why, muvver dear, I was just
Thinking of nails and things."

Now many and many a year has passed
Since then—and he is grown;
Inventions of his to the world of men
Have made his name well-known.
But to me, as I sit in the twilight, that
Which the greatest gladness brings
Is rememb'ring when he was a little boy, just
Thinking of nails and things.

CARRIE GERTRUDE HILLIARD

IN THE DAYS O' YOUTH

STOWED away in the fork of a gnarled apple-tree
Where the wind in the branches roared like the sea,
You munched a big apple,
And dreamed a long dream,
Little lad,—
Sunlight mellowed through leaves turned gold,
Steadily dying ere days grow cold;
Pageant of asters and goldenrod,
Milkweed flying from silken pod!

Hid snug in the depths of a big shock of corn,
Deep in the dry blades tattered and torn,
You watched the wee field-mice
And dreamed a long dream,
Little lad,—
Sunlight poured o'er the pumpkin heap,
Ardently kissing each great glossy cheek;
Chatter of blackbirds and call of crow,
Rustling of corn when the west winds blow!

Stretched out in the wood, away down the lane,
Where the wind shook the nuts loose like patter of rain,
 You watched the red squirrels
 And dreamed a long dream,

 Little lad,—

Sunlight filtered through violet haze,
Caressingly falling in autumn days;
Sunset woods 'neath a sunset sky,
Dancing of leaves when the wind is high!

Tucked warm in bed with the candle blown out,
While the sighing wind drove the dead leaves about,
 You watched the stars blinking
 And dreamed a long dream,

 Little lad,—

Moonlight shed o'er a glaze of frost,
Daintily whitening the paths that you crossed;
Crisp, clear air 'neath a wind-swept sky,
Dream now, little lad,—dreams pass by and by.

GERTRUDE BUSSARD

THE SUMMER'S SECRET

HARK, hark, list to the silence;
What do those purple hazes mean?
Why are the very grasses quiet?
Why in the hot air that quivering sheen?

What is the secret Earth's trying to whisper?
What is it all things are listening to hear?
Even the sound of my own heart's beatings
Fills me with strange, mysterious fear.

Hark now, the breezes are telling the story;
What can it be? How my heart yearns to know!
Sweet is the tale that all Nature is telling.
List, O my Soul, to her murmurings low.

Naught can I hear but my heart and its throbbing.
Tales such as these are not whispered to men;
Only the creatures of Nature can hear her,
We who have hearts can but listen to them.

PERSIS EASTMAN ROWELL

GOOD NIGHT

“GOOD night,”
The dimpling face is pursed
For bed-time's kiss,
And chubby arms are clasped 'round mother's neck,
In trust's embrace.
Two sleepy eyes with childish love still bright!
“Mother, good night.”

“Good night,”
One voice is sweet and trembling low
With love new born,
And o'er the cheek the blushes come and go,—
Veiled are the eyes.
Ah, this blest moment when love first shines bright!
“Sweetheart, good night.”

“Good night,”
The voice through tears can yet be strong.
On quivering lip
The smile of peace and trustfulness yet breaks,
And love supreme
In this dark hour sheds a holy light.
“Beloved, good night.”

MARGARET WILSON McCUTCHEN

WHITHER?

THE waves go on across the world,
From out the East lit with dim stars
Into the pallid West, where dreams
Throng thick behind the star-light bars.

The bars of light like pillars slim
Hold up the stars above the sea;
I wonder why the stars are dim?
I am so tired of mystery.

'Tis strange to watch the marching sea
Haunted by death forevermore,
Just now I saw one rapturous wave
Perish in light upon the shore.

Yet does the pilgrimage go on,
From out the East lit with dim stars
Into the pallid West, where dreams
Throng thick behind the star-light bars.

The eager sea oblivious
Of aught but life, holds on its way:
But is it journeying toward light,
Dark Angel—hid in robes of Day?

The white West stretches out its arms.
Such radiance might hold anything.
The holy curtain I would rend—
The gates of knowledge open fling!

O bars of star-light, draw you back,
And let the dreams come out to me!
Perchance they are interpreters.
I am so tired of mystery.

GRACE WALCOTT HAZARD

MARBLEHEAD

BESIDE the placid harbor, smooth and deep,
Moved only by the pulsing of the sea,
Strong as the march of God's eternity,
Calm as the breathing of a child asleep,
Rises the dear, quaint town of Marblehead,
Which, like a fragment of an old, sweet strain,
Calls up a picture of a time long fled
And tranquil days that will not come again.
There winds the path of Skipper Ireson's ride;
There lie the prim, square gardens, with their phlox,
And lavender, and stately hollyhocks,
And walks where ghosts of bygone summers bide.
The days go by, serene and calm and slow.
The only bustle in the quiet streets
Is at the coming of the fishing-fleets,
Or when the sails are lifted, and they go.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS

COMMUNION

DRIFTING of clouds athwart the west,
Gold of the sunset skies
Flooding over the mountain's crest,
Softly the green day dies.
With the perfect beauty all troubles cease,
Sweet on my spirit the touch of peace.

Drowsy head on a mother's breast,
Drone of lullabies,—
Guiding over the meadows of rest
Light of a mother's eyes.
With the perfect beauty all troubles cease,
Sweet on my heart the touch of peace.

Wine of the cup His hand has blest,
Bread of His sacrifice,
Wondrous love of that last behest,—
All that it signifies!
With the perfect beauty all troubles cease,
Sweet on my soul the touch of peace.

MAUDE BARROWS DUTTON

CHILDREN OF THE SUN

IN the dark came a call across the sky,
In the dark, when the stars were going by:
"Sleep no more in the night!
Comes the morning, glory bright!"
From the dark, from the dark came the cry.

In the night up we rose with faces pale;
Far we went, till we saw the moonship sail
O'er the cloud's cliffy brink,
Shiver, quiver, shadow, sink;
In the night, as we went:—"Hail, all hail!"

In the night stood we there with hearts aglow,
While the light all began to run and go
Up the sky, and to gleam,
Spread, encircle, glory, stream,
In the light, came the Sun, majestic—slow!

In the sun, passed the morning glad and long,
In the sun, with the young wind's swelling song;
 While the air, new and bright,
 Sparkled, crackled like the light,
In the sun, all the frost-gleamed grass among.

All the day, with the sun-lord ruling o'er us,
All the day, with the bright sun-lure before us;
 Now we sing, as we go
 Gladly, swiftly, to and fro;
All the day, sing in loud, exulting chorus.

Till the day glows again blood red at dying,
And the day in the lap of night is lying;
 Till the moon, sailing back
 Lights the purple, starry black;
Then the day goes,—and we are homeward hieing.

FANNY STEARNS DAVIS

SOLITUDE

"**M**Y life had a joy for itself alone,—
A dream of a wild, free, boundless plain,
A rushing of wind and a shiver of rain,
And the beat of the great sea strong and rude.
Share you my dream that was all mine own;
I have painted for you my solitude."

"I have no joy in your wild, dark sky,
And I dare not turn me to look behind
For the fear of the rush of the mad, mad wind
Through the infinite spaces, pitiless.
And O, for the sound of a human cry
In the terrible, utter loneliness!"

"Yea, but the joy floods high in me,
A mad, sweet joy to be all alone
Where the soulless winds do strangely moan
And the storm clouds brood and drift and brood.—
But how should you know the mystery?
I can never paint you my solitude."

CHARLOTTE LOWRY MARSH

RECOMPENSE

HE sent me roses.
I was so hungry, and tired, and cold—
And he sent me roses.
The light of their beauty filled my room,
And the air was full with their faint perfume;
My spirit strayed in a web of gold.
Charity might have sent me bread—
Bread for the living, flowers for the dead—
But he sent me roses.
Yes, I have failed, and the dream is old,
And the days creep on, and the tale is told—
But I have roses,
Pink roses.

FLORENCE BATTERSON

THE QUEEN OF SUMMER

THE clouds are floating like splashes of foam
In the turquoise cup of the sky,
And the breezes are tossing the poppy heads
And the stalks of golden rye.

The little brook crinkles over the stones
Aglint with bright sunshine,
While the butterflies are sipping sweets
In the honeysuckle vine.

The mystic green-gloomed forest
Echoes now far, now near,
With the calls of the wild, wood creatures
And bird-notes, sweet and clear.

And deep in a sun-flecked thicket
Where the drowsy Morpheus keeps
His endless vigil of silence,
The Queen of Summer sleeps.

VIOLA PAULINE HAYDEN

THE GYPSY FORTUNE TELLER

"H ADY, you whose silken shimmer
Mocks the early morning glimmer
Of the dew upon the grass,
Quick you greet with scornful laughter
What I tell of now—and after,
And forget me as you pass.

"But, by lips in whispers moving,
By the eyes that melt with loving,
By the blood that leaps like wine,
By the touch of little fingers
Which, though vanished, ever lingers,—
I can read your fate in mine.

"And, although your silken shimmer
Mocks the morning's dewy glimmer,
Though you scorn and pass me by,
By the path each treads tomorrow,
Height of love, or deep of sorrow,
We are sisters, you and I!"

EDITH DEBLOIS LASKEY

WHEN AT THE BAR OF JUSTICE

WHEN at the bar of justice, self-arraigned,
I stand applauded by the approving throng,
The tatters of my honor undisdained
Because the cloak of my success is long;
When fortune witnesses in my behalf,
And flattered judgment lends a willing ear,
And scorn, discountenanced, omits to laugh
Because invited truth did not appear;
Despising all the world for not despising,
My faith dismantled of its latest shred,
Self-sentenced beyond the court's apprising,
Self-mocked, with all their folly on my head,—
Ah, bitter joy, after so many lies
To turn and read my verdict in thine eyes!

EDITH LABAREE LEWIS

MY SONG

I MADE a song for my heart to sing
When the world was lulled asleep,
And the voice of night in a whisper light
Breathed over the starlit deep.

And the song I made for my heart to sing
Was sweet as a song may be,
For in every note the secret I wrote
That gladdened my life for me.

Then someone came to my window there,
Someone who wandered near,
And he said, "The strain of that sweet refrain,
The world would pause to hear."

I have proved, alas, that his words were true,
For everyone lauds my name,
But life seems long since my heart's sweet song
I sold to the world for fame.

EDITH DEBLOIS LASKEY

ON A PICTURE OF A MONK

SCARRED and bowed with lashings and long vigils
Every feature of his face grown thin,
Crouching aye in the great Cross's shadow,
Dead his life with weight of others' sin.
Move his lips in self-abasement praying—
Lips that may not speak of love nor kin—
Mea culpa! mea culpa!

What of love his soul had known forgotten,
What of joy—in dreaming on life's woe,
Dizzy with the thought of endless ages
Till his mind is dumb and may not show
Aught of nature's charm or living's gladness,
Ever breathing out in gloom his slow
Mea culpa! mea culpa!

Caught and swung within the wheel's rotation—
Living but to pray and wake fast,
Pure in mind but knowing not its pureness,
Waiting till the sins of life be past,
So to rise to life that no man knoweth—
Waiting but for death—to pray his last
Mea culpa! mea culpa!

HELEN DEAN

LAY COMMUNION

THE twinkling lights and the crowded street,
The muffled sound of a thousand feet,
The turmoil of traffic, the roar overhead,
My heart feeds full, for this is bread.

The golden silence of waning day,
The shaded path in the leafy way,
The world of a thousand dreams is mine—
My soul drinks deep, for this is wine.

MARY ELIZABETH LUCE

DREAM LIFE

IF I might pierce into the great white calm
And be at peace!
But lo, my dream life warreth with my life
Until it cease,
And all my soul yearns out to its release.

For I would love, not asking love again,
But for mere joy of loving perfectly
Out of heart wealth. And I would ever be
A calmness in the troubled lives of men.
And I would hope as having eyes to see
Into the mysteries of all the years
Where lie the meanings of our falling tears
Till we come thither. I would patiently
Work out some perfect work before I sleep,
For the work's sake and love's. And I would keep
A white soul-pureness and humility.

If I might pierce into the eternal calm
And be at peace!
But lo, my dream life warreth with my life
Until it cease,
And all my soul yearns out to its release.

CHARLOTTE LOWRY MARSH

A CASTLE IN THE AIR

I ONLY I, who love beyond all men,—
Whose soul lies prostrate at my lady's feet—
I may not tell her of my deep devotion,
I may not taste the sweetest of life's sweet.

I, who must mock, and am a mock in turn,
What may I lay before my lady's feet?
Only a love so vast it bears this test—
I would not have thee know I love thee, sweet!

I, a poor fool, with cap and bells and bauble,
What right have I to clog my lady's feet—
To cast the shadow of my motley o'er her?
None! Ah! my castle lies in ruins, sweet!

SUSAN SAYRE PITSWORTH

A LOST COMPANION

ONE evening when the day had been most wondrous fair
I reached my home, and found my old Self waiting there.

"Whence come you, dear?" I asked, in joy that was half pain,
It seemed so sweet to have one's old Self back again.

"Out of the happy light today," the phantom said,
"And whither go you—" for the thing had bowed its head.

"Out of your life forever!" then the old Self cried,
And even as it spoke the words—my old Self died.

I waited, and sat watching till the early dawn,
For life must be so different—with one's old Self gone.

CAROLINE M. FULLER

WHEN THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST

'T WAS in the land where all lost things are found,
And men came by, their own lost things to claim.
One sought his memory; a maid her heart,
A man with faltering steps sought his fair name.

A woman passed them hastening through the dark,
Her cloak was torn, her eyes were wide with fear.
None there would touch her; bitter was her cry,
"Ah, if I had a soul, I seek it here."

The maiden found her heart all crushed and torn;
The man his name, but changed and dark with stain.
The woman, too, had found the thing she sought,
They could not know her when they passed again.

ELIZABETH DIKE LEWIS

THE WEAVERS

THE robe which Fate was weaving seemed too plain,
Too gray, too dully colored; she would fain
Have had it gayer, brighter with the deep
Crimsons and purples that so often sweep
Across the summer sky when day is done.
So, longing for these joys, when Fate gave none,
She snatched the robe with eager, restless hands
Away from Fate. With many-colored strands
She gladdened it until the garment old
Was swiftly changed to one of shining gold.
All day she wove until the very room
Was filled with radiance, and the busy loom
Was filled with fire. But too dazzling light
Oft blinds the eyes and dims the human sight;
She could not see the flames that round her stole
Until they reached the depths where lies the soul.
Then her heart sickened, and with cries of pain
She called to Fate to come and weave again
The robe of somber gray. Fate shook her head,
But with a smile of pity, cut the thread.

MARY LUCE

"WITH WHAT MEASURE YE METE"

WHERE did you get that calm and tranquil gaze,
That atmosphere of peace that 'round you lies
In softest benediction? Sweet and wise
The tender light, half-veiled by thoughtful haze,
That on me shines through all my weary days,
From out the quiet deeps of your dear eyes.
You do not start, nor fear, nor feel surprise,
So gentle and so calm are all your ways.

From stilling troubled hearts your own is stilled,
From smoothing weary brows your own has grown
Untroubled and serene. The light that shone
In gladness at your coming now has filled
Your eyes again; and with its own increase
The peace you gave, returns to give you peace.

ANNE COE MITCHELL

LIMITATIONS

WE seek Thee everywhere; we strain our eyes
And grope our little way toward Thee; and then
We weep because we can not understand;
Yet if we sought Thee not, we were not men.

And Thou—Thy wisdom folds us closely 'round,
Thy love falls o'er the path our feet have trod,
But unto us Thou showest not Thyself;
For if Thou couldst be known, Thou wert not God.

EVA AUGUSTA PORTER

THE WIND ACROSS THE WHEAT

BEAT high against the headland, dash hard against the shore;
Break into surging, foaming spray with thundering roll and roar!
Boom, O Billows, in pitiless rage 'round the rocks off Highland Light;
Strike the triumphant note of power, the awful chord of might.
In the roar and the roll of your organ peal there is no note half so sweet
As the lighter, softer melody of the wind across the wheat.

Sigh soft, O Wind, through the hemlock bending its branches low
Moan through the murmuring pine trees in cadence sad and slow,
Sound in the leafless willow the dirge of what is past,
Strike the key of the yet to be, in the highest note of your blast,
In the wail and the sigh of your plaintive cry—there's no tone half so
sweet
As the rhythmic undulation of the wind across the wheat.

Join in fantastic measure, O Rain-drops flashing bright,
Wake the mountain streams to music beneath your touch so light.
Let the dripping leaves beat time to the melody you make,
Dance to your tripping measure on the polished silver lake.
In the liveliest note of your gayest song there's no strain half so sweet
As the rising, falling melody of the wind across the wheat.

GERTRUDE ROBERTS

SEPARATION

GOOD night, good night,
Yet not good night, dear heart,
But rather say good-bye.
For never can we further drift apart
Than when at night I lie
Asleep, for then my soul
May drift afar in mysteries quite new,
May reach some unknown goal
I cannot share with you.
And, as each night must shut us quite apart,
Good-bye, good-bye, dear heart.

ALICE MARJORIE PIERCE

LOVE

FOR me at last the solemn depths of mystery are stirred,
The waiting silence of my life is broken with a word.
The floods that in the aeons past have gathered, passion-strong,
Sweep down the fragile barriers and bear my soul along.
Above a hushed but breathing calm, dream-voices call to me.
The spirit-love that Sappho sang beside the Grecian sea,
The pang of Dante's ecstasy and Petrarch's grief divine
Are risen from the buried hearts to fill the cup of mine.
O loves of vanished centuries, who come all rapture-white
To bend the shadows of your eyes above me in the night,
Our souls are one,—and from your lips I drink my glorious fate:
"To Love's high heritage of woe thee, too, we consecrate!"

EDITH DEBLOIS LASKEY

BEFORE THE BATTLE

IT is begun! and the end we know not,
Whatever we think we know,
Though others may reap what they sow not,
And we never reap what we sow.

It is begun! and the end we fear not,
Whatever cause is for fear;
Ours not the fault if the dark clouds clear not,
Ours is the praise if they clear.

It is begun! and our cause shall die not,
Whoe'er for its sake may die;
All, tonight, on the field shall lie not,
Though there our bravest may lie.

MILDRED WALDRON BENNETT

MY BETTER SELF

SOMETIMES, among life's busy shadow-shapes, I see
A white-clad figure that moves falteringly;
But when I stretch my hand to bid her stay,
She fades away.

It is my better self, made out of dreams—ideals
That vanish at the touch; yet when she steals
In front of me,—ah, God forgive the lie!—
Men say 'tis I.

KATHERINE ESTELLE COLLINS

THE ONES THAT FAIL

WHEN if life is a race to be won
Or a battle fought out at our best,
And no one can stop to give quarter
And no one can pause for rest,
O, you in the van of the fighting
Look down on the faces pale
That you crush beneath your eager feet,
And pity the ones that fail.

O you, who exult in the struggle
And thrill with joy at your might,
Look down on the weak and crippled
Who were not meant for the fight;
For we did not all start even,
And it's strength and brute force that avail
In the bitter battle for living,
So pity the ones that fail.

And when the fighting is finished
And the day has come to an end,
Take heart, you, who pitied poor weakness
Or paused to give help to a friend;
For when by the crowd the victor
Is greeted with jubilant hail,
The merciful Judge of the contest
Will pity the ones that fail.

FLORENCE DIXON

A GARDEN OF YESTERDAYS

I PASSED into a garden, by a gate
Long closed, forgotten by this heart of mine.
I dreamed adown the paths. The olden time
Stole back, and then I saw, alas, too late,
How all was changed, and how an idle fate
Had planted weeds to choke the dear, bright flowers,
And how the brambles had o'ergrown the bowers
And turned the garden waste and desolate.
Dear ashes of dead roses! Yesterdays,—
The sadder for the promise you did give
Of a fair morrow. Could lost roses yet
Be brought again with tears? Dear God, forgive.
Too late? Yet let me sometimes walk these ways.
It is not well that I should quite forget.

HARRIET CHALMERS BLISS

MY LADY SLEEPS

SEE, fast asleep she lies. Her eyelids white
Are closed o'er eyes that smiled but yesterday—
Eyes where I read of love in glances bright.
Today she sleeps, and I must go my way.
One hand is pillowed 'neath her dainty cheek,
The other holds a rose whose fragrance breathes
A perfume through her dreams; the petals sweet
Fall o'er her gown of white, a sunbeam weaves
Its radiance through the meshes of her hair;
And all about my lady seems most fair,
But listen, somewhere little children weep.
Soft! Come away, and let my lady sleep!

MILDRED SIDNEY BALDWIN

WHITHER THY FANCIES?

WHITHER thy fancies, little white soul,
Dreaming here on my knee?
As close as floweret to the plant,
As close as leaf to tree,
As close as cheek to cheek close pressed,
So close thou art to me.
And yet thy fancies, little white soul,
Oh, whither do they flee?

I fear thy fancies, little white soul,
They bear thee far away,
And farther yet to regions strange,
Lit by more glowing day,
I see thee haste, and follow not,
And may not bid thee stay.
I fear thy fancies, little white soul,
That bear thee far away.

Wilt trust thy fancies, little white soul,
That bear thee on, so blind,
Through varied seasons seeking yet
What thou wilt never find,
Searching in vain far distant lands,
Hoping to greet thy kind?
Yet trust thy fancies, little white soul;
Who knows what thou wilt find?

RUTH BARBARA CANEDY

THE LITTLE BOY THAT GREW

I AM proud of the picture you sent me, today,
You boy with the frank blue eyes,
I have smiled over it in a mother's way,
And cried a bit, motherwise.
I have placed it here on my writing-desk
By my baby picture of you,
The boy that would grow up to a man
And the Little Boy that Grew.

You are so strong, dear grown-up boy,
And you've done great things, I'm told;
But the little boy was mine—all mine—
To cuddle and kiss and scold!
Yes, I am proud of your picture, dear,
But somehow I'm hungry, too,
For the sight of the little boy you were—
The Little Boy that Grew.

You were so round and dimpled and fair,
And your eyes danced mischief so—
Oh, it's hard for the mothers left behind
That little boys must grow!
Your hair was the color of corn-silk,
And your eyes were blue—so blue
With the elf-lights dancing through them,
O Little Boy that Grew.

I remember the place where you used to play
Under the pines on the hill,
And your battered drum and your broken horse
I am treasuring safely still.
And your little worn-out baby toys—
You would smile, I think, if you knew
How many times I have kissed them all,
O, Little Boy that Grew!

Your swing still hangs in the attic,
And sometimes I fancy I hear
The patter and thud of your little feet
And the sound of your laughter clear.
And sometimes at dusk in my Lonely Land
I find myself rocking you,
And singing a good-night sleepy song
To my Little Boy that Grew.

Yes, I am proud, dear grown-up boy,
Of the picture you sent me today,
I have smiled and sighed and kissed it—
All mothers do, they say,
But somehow just on the edge o' the day
I am longing a little, too,
To hold you again in my arms and rock you
As you were before you grew!

DOROTHY DONNELL

DREAMS

AH! dreams, dreams, dreams,
Ye are the heart of me!
The white ships melt in the mistland
At the shadowy edge of the sea;
And where they go I do not know,
Nor what their names may be.
Ah! dreams, dreams, dreams,
Ye are the heart of me!

KATHERINE DUNCAN MORSE

NIGHT'S WANDERERS

I WALKED down the long deserted street,
The pavement gleamed 'neath a mist of rain,
And a gray ghost-woman passed me by,
Her dead eyes filled with pain.
Like the mist of a dream she passed me by,
But I felt the breath of her hard-drawn sigh.

The lights in the windows were yellow dim
Like the candle-guards of the dead,
And more ghosts came in a noiseless crowd,
While a leaf dropped down from a tree, more loud
Than any word they had said.

And they hurried on and were lost in mist,
They were hidden away by the night.
Oh, had I been dreaming? Who could say?
They would laugh at my ghosts in the light.
Poor, wandering ghosts, who had lost their way,
And wistfully sought it at close of day!

FLORENCE BATTERSON

THE UNATTAINED

HONG cheers the crowd, for I the race have won,
They bring the cup and circlet laurel-leaved;
And men in blindness say, "He has achieved,"
While through the dust I see a distant sun.

LEOLA BAIRD LEONARD

THE JESTER

LONG live the king! long live the king!"
Rings the refrain through court and hall,
And everyone joins in the cry
From courtier to seneschal.
The king sits on the throne of state;
Beside the throne the courtiers kneel
And ladies decked in raiment bright
Express the homage they all feel.
Below the throne the jester stands,—
With mocking voice and stinging hit
He jibes at all, but more than all
The king is victim of his wit.

The king is dead! "Long live the king!"
Rings the refrain through court and hall,
And everyone joins in the cry
From courtier to seneschal.
The knights in armor gleaming bright,
The ladies decked in raiment gay,
The courtiers bowing very low
All honor the new king today.
The erstwhile king lies in the tower,
A lonely taper at his head,
Courtiers and servants all are gone,
The king is dead—the king is dead.
Deep stillness reigns,—then at his feet
A muffled sob, a long-drawn sigh,
And soft with grief the jester's voice:
"Within my heart he cannot die."

EDITH CHARTERS GALLAGHER

THE FEAR OF SORROW

IN old dream days when golden fairies came
And went, and you believed in everything,
Did you not feel the coming of this woe
That you are bearing now so patiently?
I pray you, tell me truly from your heart,
Was there not then some premonition dark
That blotted for a moment the bright gold?
Or did you always find life bright and gay
As I do now? It seems as though my life
Would ever be one happy, dreamy song,—
Ah, tell me, when did sorrow come to you?
And did he find you unprepared,
And did he strike you hard and heavily,
And did you seem alone in this great world?
I pray you, tell me,—life's so happy now!

LAURA CASEY GEDDES

CASTLES IN THE AIR

THE Dreamer sat in his great arm-chair
And builded castles in the air,
And all his fanciful thoughts took wings
As he mused on the inmost meanings of things;
And he thought of the wondrous works of Fate,
The splendid deeds and labors great,
And he sighed for a noble part in the fight
Of those who carry the Banners of Right.
Oh, wondrous thoughts and fancies fair
Came to the dreamer in his chair!
But his castle was high in the clouds, above
Such simple things as human love,—
So high he could touch the angels' wings,
But he never thought of such lowly things
As the beggar crouching at his feet
Or the cripple who passed him in the street.
And while life's meaning he pondered o'er
Life's sorrowing ones passed by his door,
And dark against the troubled sky
The Cross of Humanity towered high,
While the Dreamer sat in his great arm-chair
And builded castles in the air.

DOROTHY DONNELL

THE TIRED IDOLS

THE burning tapers flicker low,
The tired idols sleep.
The sacred swallows peep
Beneath the temple eaves. And lo,
From out the shadows stealing,
A weary mother kneeling, kneeling,
Prays a prayer below;
And the tired idols sleep.

The smoking incense hovers low,
The tired goddess sleeps.
A tiny birdie creeps
Beneath its mother's wing. And lo,
Before the rude shrine stealing,
A lonely mother kneeling, kneeling,
Pleads in prayer below;
But the tired goddess sleeps.

KATHERINE FISKE BERRY

VERSES OF ONE SITTING IN THE DARK

VISION

THEY see me sitting here with folded hands
And eyelids closed forever to the day—
With useless hands, with slumbering lids!

They say,
"How piteous her life!" Could they but know
The journeys that I go,
So far, so far,
Beyond the last dim star
That lights their boldest dreaming!—

Ah, could they know
The journeys that I go
On rushing wings that sweep the cloudy stair,
And whirl me on through leagues of living air
In harmony of perfect movement driven,
Its rhythm by immortal music given,
While miracles of form and color glide
In ceaseless change adown the starry tide!—

Could they but *dream*
The beauty that I see,
How far they'd turn their pitying gaze from me!

AFTERGLOW

My bay-berry candles!—do they glimmer there,
Lighting the dim grey twilight of my room?—
The little flames that dance athwart the gloom
From candles olive-hued, in beaming brass,
Throwing their ray against the window-glass
To cheer the wanderer on his wintry way,—
Oh, do my candles glimmer there, I say?

And now the hours are creeping on, I know,
For seldom sound the footsteps in the snow.
Beloved one, before I let thee go,
One simple service more I ask of thee.
Wilt thou with thine own breath put out the light,
That through the peaceful darkness of my room,
The bay-berry candles' exquisite perfume
May linger long and lovingly with me—
Like thy sweet presence when we've said good-night.

MARION SAVAGE

AS IT MUST BE

O FRIEND, my friend, by the love that I bear you, wake!
Speak only a word, stretch forth your hand to my aid,
Your living hand, for the old, tried friendship's sake!
The darkness has found my soul, and has found it afraid.

I am battling here alone; there is none to mark
If I fail tonight, as some night I must, in the strife.
I am face to face with the Terror of Life in the dark—
Of Life, and the unknown Other, that is not Life.

O friend, O love, you will surely heed me at last!
I shall hear your voice, to comfort me now in my need.
But my blood beats hard in my ears, and the clock ticks fast,
And your slow, calm breathing leaves me alone indeed.

Vague thronging shadows people the dark with fright,
And Life and you seem shadows as they, my friend;
I can not tell, but I think I have known, tonight,
What I had not thought to know till I reach the end.

Friend of my bosom, sleep! I watch alone.
The vigil none can keep for another's sake.
Ere long the time shall come when you too will moan
And reach in the dark for me, and I shall not wake.

RITA CREIGHTON SMITH

THE CITY OF LOST JOYS

ON the further side of heaven,
Past the shining sea-swept sands,
In the rosy, reddening sunset,
A shimmering city stands—
Ah! me,
A city of marble stands.

Its palaces all are builded
Of vows that have not held true,
And its streets are paved with the kindly thoughts
That no voice gave utterance to—
Ah! me,
That faded like morning dew.

And the spirits that walk within it
Through the sun-flecked thoroughfares,
Are the kisses that never kissed us,
And the pleading, unprayed prayers—
Ah! me,
The soft, unspoken prayers.

And the friendships we flung aside
Pace proudly as princes there,
With the joys that we might have rendered
As crowns on their sunny hair—
Ah! me,
As flower-crowns on their hair.

And the king of the shining city
That rises above the sea,
The goal of our hearts' desire,
Is Love as he seemed to be—
Ah! me,
Is Love as he ought to be.

We may not reach its breastwork,
But we watch it across the foam
For a sight of some slender tower,
The gleam of some golden dome—
Ah! me,
The shadow of some fair home.

And we pray in our weary watches
That at last we may sail the seas,
To dwell forever and ever
With our earth-lost ecstasies—
Ah! me,
With our might-have-been memories.

ELEANOR JOHNSON LITTLE

THE BIRTH OF A FANCY

FAR away on the mountain side
Stand a few scattered trees;
Singly they stand, and autumn-dyed;
That is what one sees.

From far away come a violin's notes;
Singly, they fall, like tears;
Calm in its sea of tone each floats;
That is what one hears.

Away to the colored trees they run,
A note to a tree, it seems,
And meeting, the note and tree are one;
That is what one dreams.

BEE SEYMOUR HOILES

LULLABY LOO

O LULLABY LOO goes wandering by
When the dusky shadows of evening fall,
And the stars have lighted their lamps in the sky,
And the owls and night birds begin to call—
"Te-witt, tee-woo—tee-witt, tee-whoo-oo!
Oh Lullaby Loo, Oh Lullaby Loo!"

When Lullaby Loo goes wandering by
The leaves all fall asleep on the trees!
And home to their nests all the little birds fly,
Then softly whispers the evening breeze:
"Soo hoo, soo hoo, Oh Lullaby Loo!"
Oh Lullaby Loo, soo hoo, soo hoo!

Oh Lullaby Loo, as he wanders by,
A strange little sleepy song he sings,
That soothes frightened children when they cry,
For it tells of the loveliest, cosiest things!
And he'll sing it to me, and he'll sing it to you!
And he'll sing to us all, this Lullaby Loo!

O Lullaby Loo, when you wander by
Stop at the nursery window tonight!
And sing to us while in our beds we lie,
All cuddled up so warm and tight!
Oh Lullaby Loo, Oh Lullaby Loo,
Sing to us, sing to us, Lullaby Loo!

GERTRUDE CRAVEN

SUNSET ON A SOUTHERN PLANTATION

RAYLESS sun sinks into the west
Behind the woods' black line
And the gathering shades of the afterglow
Silhouette a pine
Standing alone on the upward sweep
Of a scarce perceptible slope,
A never-wavering hand upstretched
To the God of truth and hope.
Great endless fields of cotton spread
Between the woods and me,
And behind the pine, gaunt sentinel,
Is the corn—a far-flung sea.
Twilight hastens her halting steps
And a wind comes up from the west
A parting gift from the dying sun
For a world on the way to rest.
From over the fields comes the sound of a voice
Full and rich and strong:
A negro glad that the day is done
And glad in his plaintive song.
Nearer he comes, and the song is blent
With the rhythmic jingle of chains.
Home from his work, with never a thought
For schools, or books or brains.
Across the fields of cotton moves
A singing, shouting band,
Riding their mules with noisy chains
In a halo of dust and sand.
Home from the toil and heat
Of a blistering noonday sun.

Home! and the whole world glad!
Home! and the day's work done!
Scampering pickaninnies
Play in the deepening night,
And the flickering flame of the supper fire
Shines like a beacon light.
Darkness falls on a listening world,
The pine grows dim on the hill,
And out of the woods comes the wild, sweet note
Of a Southern whip-poor-will.

LOUISE MARSHALL RYALS

A CHILD-SOUL

You were so happy-hearted, gay and free,
Like white-winged bird above a summer sea;
Untamed by sorrow, and untaught by pain,
You laughed at sunshine—and you knew not rain.
Happy with living, flitting here and there
Among life's pleasures, finding all things fair,
Loving so lightly that you took the bliss
And left the sorrow; but the wonder this,
That others took your sorrow, and while sad
Smiled through their weeping to behold you glad.
And when death came, like life, you had no tears
But only smiles to greet it. All the fears
And terrors were to you untried, unknown;
You said, "Good-night," and soft your soul was blown
Like some rose petal out across the deep,
As, with a tender smile, you fell asleep.

ANNE COE MITCHELL

AN ETCHING

WHITE geese and gray
In a beechen wood;
The white geese stray,
The gray are good.

I watch all day,
As a goose-girl should,
White geese and gray,
In a beechen wood.

KATHERINE DUNCAN MORSE

OVER THE HILLS

OVER the hills, with their shadows deep,
And the patches of snow on hillsides steep,
The one little roadway, gleaming white,
Winds and winds until, out of sight
Over the crest of the hill it goes—
I wonder where—and the south wind blows.
And my thoughts go wandering, where? Who knows?
Over the hills.

MILDRED SIDNEY BALDWIN

COMPENSATIONS

'TIS past, dear heart, but now that all is o'er
And put away,
I do not feel the wound is half so sore
As poets say.

For love once gained is always won. The heart
That it has blest
Gives out in turn the richness of its own
And so finds rest.

And though you now have gone upon the way
The sunset bars,
And I these weary years alone must stay
Beneath the stars,

Yet Nature's self has brought me joy, for she
Has shown me how
In ways that were before unknown to me
To have thee now.

The smallest thing in Nature has a part
And joy fulfills.
I find the golden treasure of your heart
In daffodils.

JOSEPHINE SANDERSON

EVENING

THE sun-flushed sails stand in from sea
On the flood-tide's shoreward-setting flow
And a hum beats up from the sheltered quay,
Where the white-capped fisherwomen go.

Sink sun,
And give the mild moon place.
Day's done;
We'll rest us for a space.

The boats lie harbored below the hill;
The low wind whispers a lullaby;
There's not a sound save the whip-poor-will
There's not a light but the lamps of the sky.

Rise, rise!
Moon, give us of thy light!
Day dies;
We'll rest us through the night.

ELEANOR JOHNSON LITTLE

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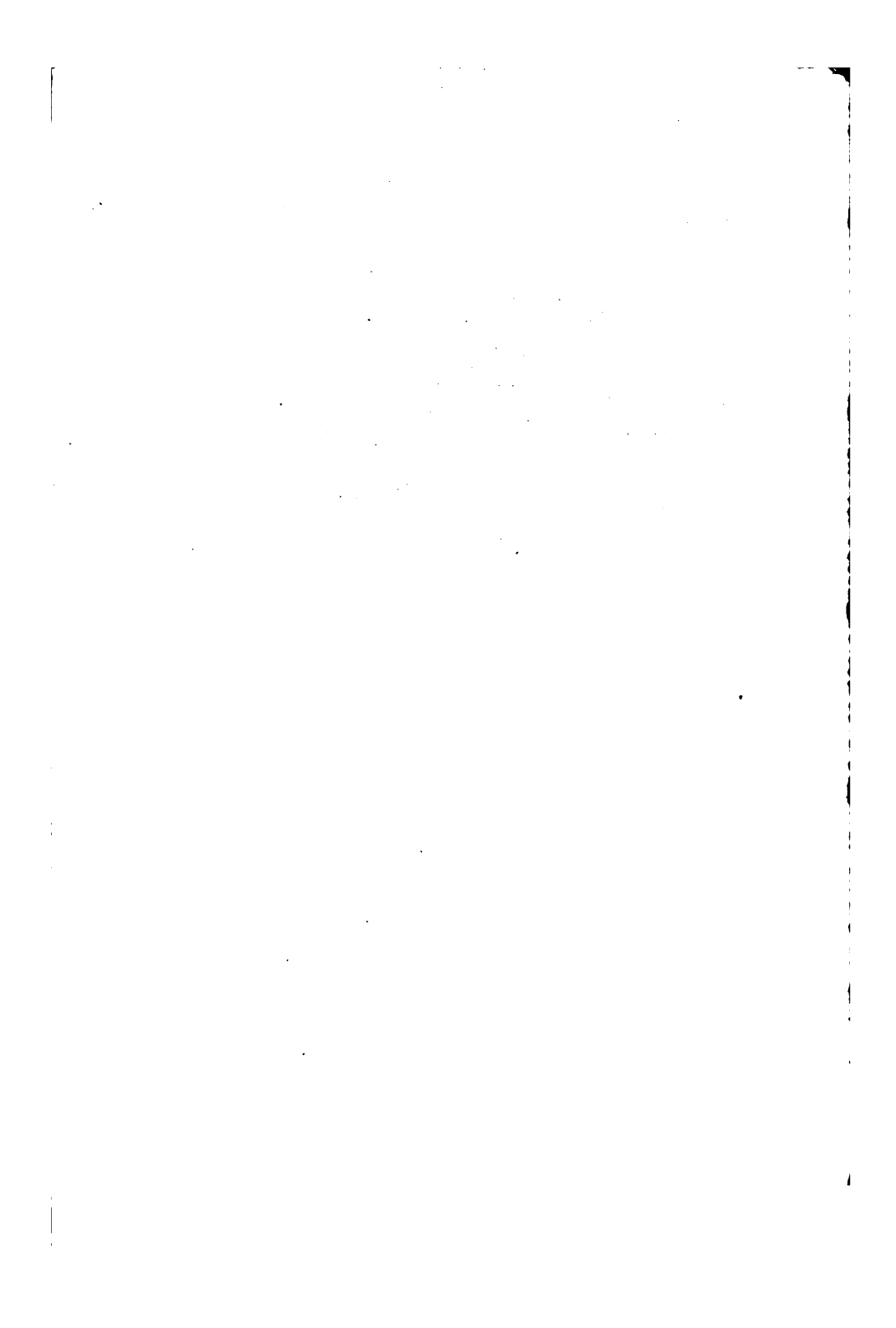
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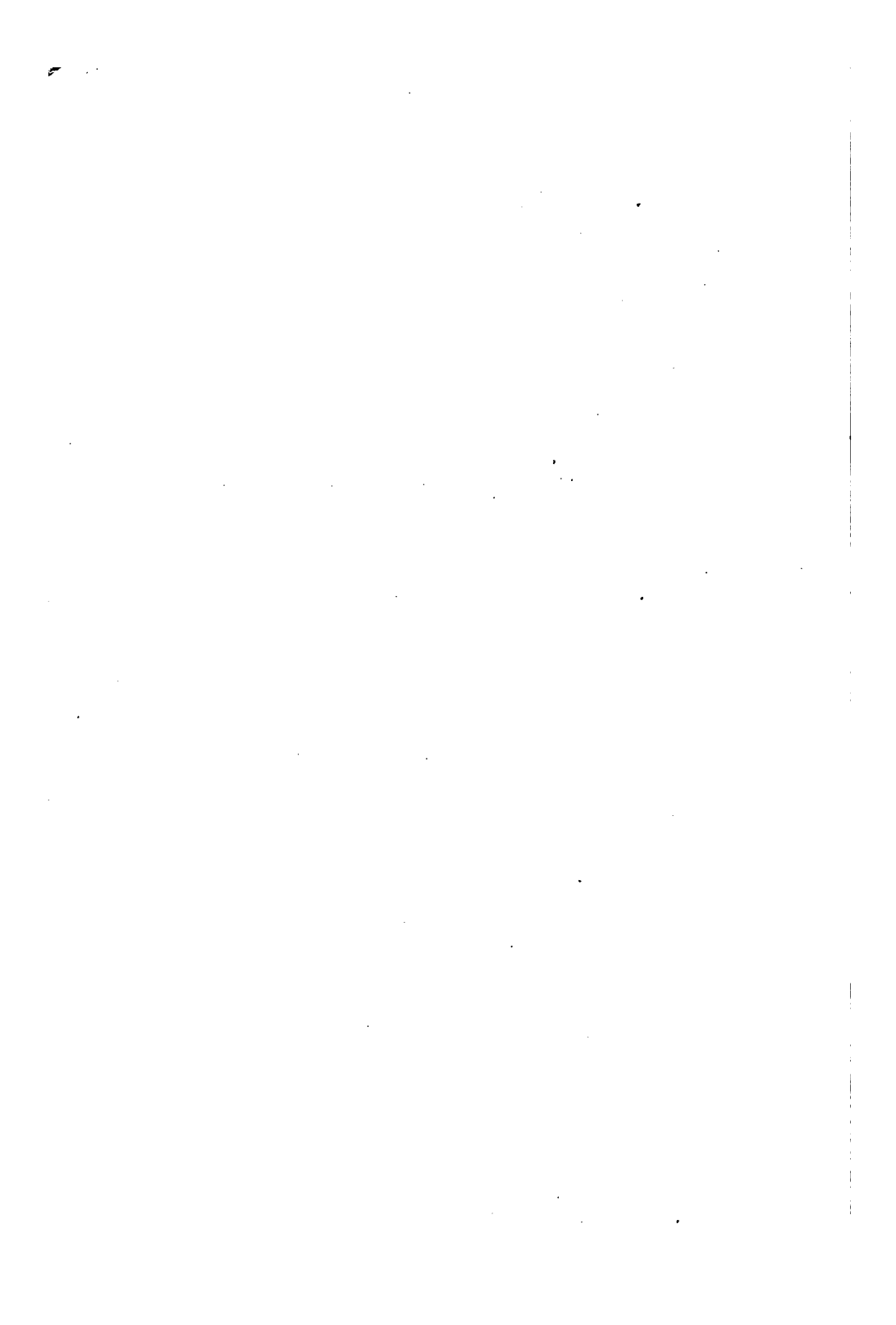
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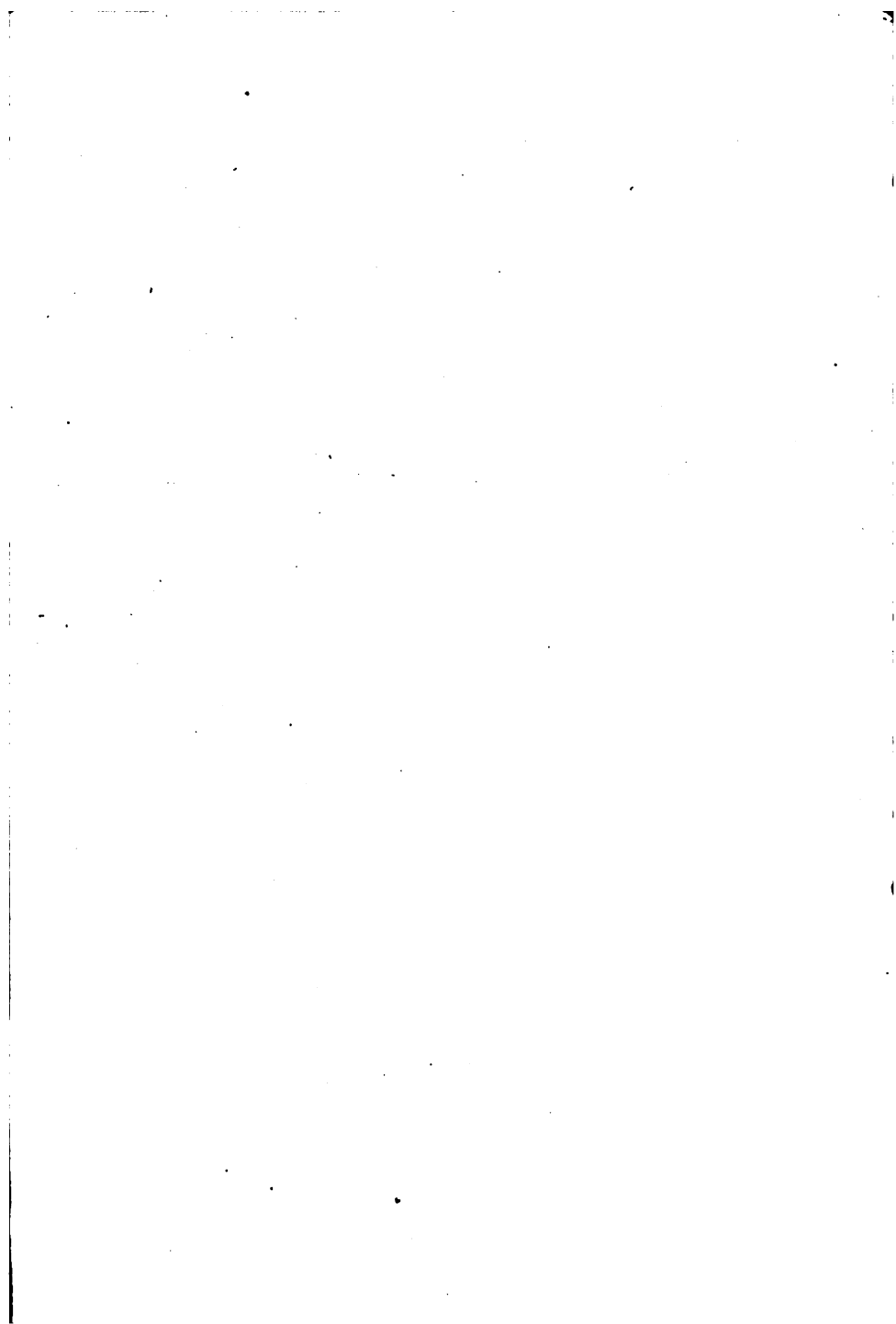
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